

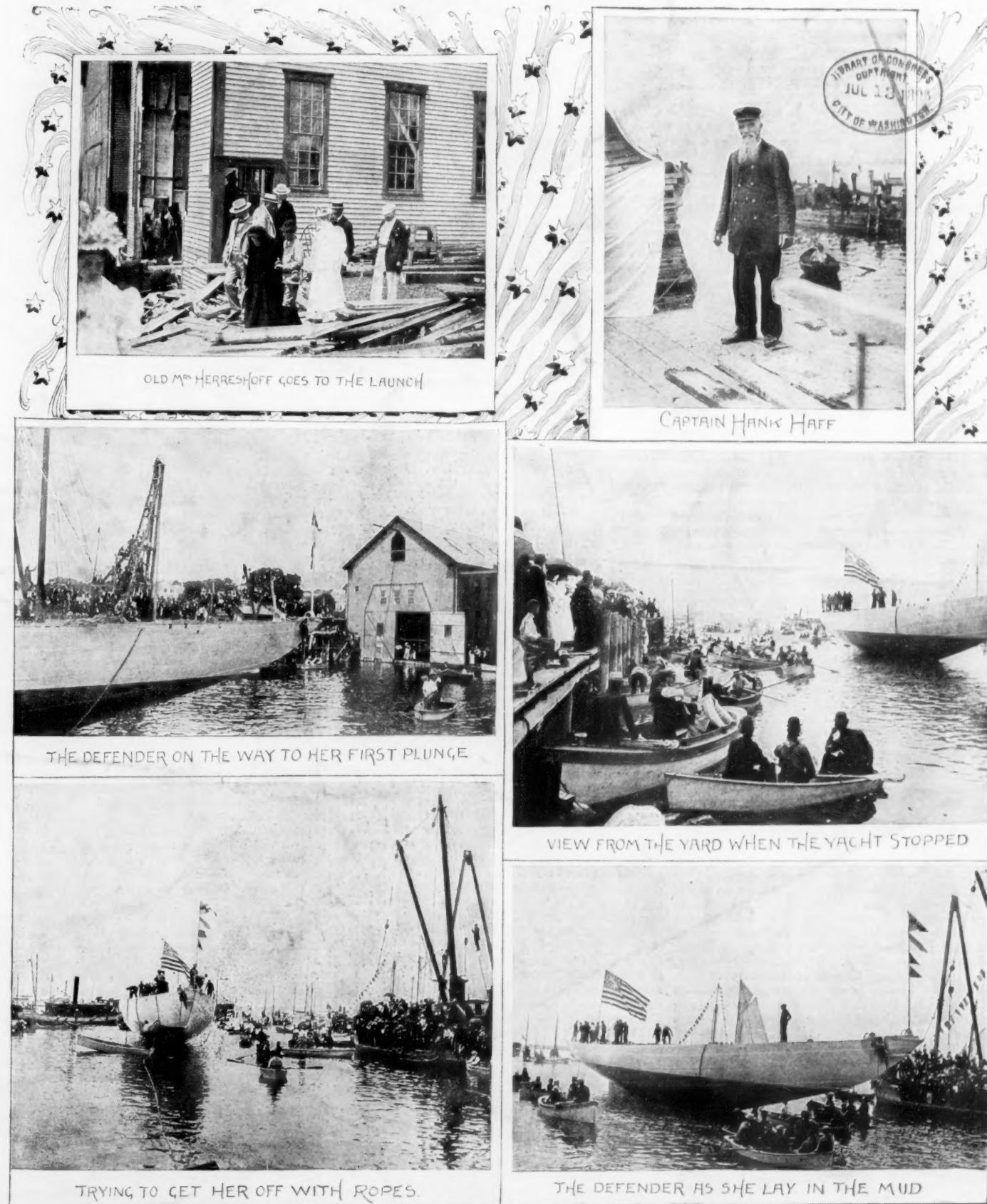
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

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NEW YORK, JULY 11, 1895.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

ARE the bazaars already beginning to retreat?

Doubtless recognizing the stubborn prejudice of the general public against all such grasp-all schemes, the managers have thought it advisable to make less display of the *omnium gatherum*. Not until the customer enters the building does he realize that all lines of business are here swallowed up regardless of cost, as a result of fire sales, swindling false-pretense purchases, fake job-lots of silverware "specially manufactured for the Self-Sellanyway Co."

The visitor sees around him floor-walkers, some of whom have confessed to placing goods where suspected young employees could easily steal them; detectives who make a business of the same infamous practice for the benefit of suspected shoplifters; feverish buyers crazy to reach the bargain counter because it is a bargain counter; tired-out, pestered and worried young women who try impatiently to wait upon this swaying an impatience throng; cash boys, messengers, cashiers, grievance bureaucrats and all the rest making up a scene absolutely unmatched outside of a panic-stricken wheat-pit invaded by a Partridge or a Hutchinson.

After the afternoon rush the long files of employees work for dear life to get the goods in order again. A poor nervous, honest creature is rudely questioned by the boss; then abused, vilified and fined a part of her meager salary, not daring to utter a word, "on account of mother." The demeanor of some of these besees toward these young women is in many cases outrageous. They would not dare to vent their temper in such a way on a male employee. All this rudeness, cruelty, fining, insulting, is in the name of discipline. A great store like this cannot be run on courteous lines like a one-house store. Every cent counts in these big stores; and every cent of time is so much ahead, and extra discipline besides.

The public can see these things for themselves; they can see the care-worn faces of the employees after the day's work. From this they can judge what manner of oppression it is that they do not see. Do the American people want these stores on such terms? They need not have them, unless they want them!

The salient point in Justice Brown's discourse is that "a state of things once proven to exist is presumed to continue." This is, as he says, not only a maxim and presumption of the law, but it is the grand generaliza-

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tion of human experience. The world does go right along. Revolutions do go backward oftener than the shallow suppose. It is the steady work of generations and epochs that goes forward. Hence we may assume that European nations will continue, and are continuing, their aggressions. When Justice Brown cautions Yale students not to allow these aggressions to extend to the Western Hemisphere, as they are already over-spreading Africa and the Orient, he suggests to us the reasonable probability that European nations are really engaged in attacking the Western Hemisphere, not by military aggressions, but by commercial and monetary weapons. They have epochs and centuries of development back of them to help them against us. Yale students and the rest of us will do well to watch them, even before their cruisers begin to manoeuvre.

On the subject of valuable franchises that rightly belong to the public being turned over to corporations of capitalists, Justice Brown sees no reason why the service performed under these franchises should not be exercised directly by the public. Coming from such a source this admission may justly be classed as one of the signs of the times. All natural monopolies and services of a public or semi-public nature

are included in this cool and deliberate conclusion of a Supreme Court Justice of the United States. What these are, specifically, Justice Brown does not say; but we all are at liberty to study them from time to time, to the end that the public may some day conclude to do something for its own dear self.

Every trained judicial mind is peculiarly interested in the subject of private property, and Justice Brown finds that National Socialism has never been accepted except among primitive types of people and that the prominent trait of civilization for four thousand years has been the effort of the individual to acquire property from his neighbor. Of course this explains why a few rattle-headed individuals in our highly complex civilization of to-day are trying to acquire property from their neighbors by taking it away from them! Also, why corporations are trying to acquire the earth, even by taking it away from the State! The real grievance, on the subject of private property, is that corporations of capital, by more perfect organization, are getting more than their share of it. The only way to meet this, on a judicial basis, is for the rest of us to go and do likewise—that is, to organize. Organizations of capital have "organized labor" at their mercy; let the latter form labor corporations. Public corporations, towns and cities, are so poorly managed that the capitalistic Board of Directors can beat them out of franchises and all other valuable things in sight. Private property and public rights will be secure when we all recognize the fact that in organization there is strength.

The new British Cabinet has been formed by Lord Salisbury with sixteen members. Pitt had only seven members and Disraeli eleven. Salisbury might have made twenty-seven, for the law places no limit on the Prime Minister, and I believe her Majesty would not have objected had the number been forty-seven. It is said she dearly loves the Tories since Disraeli made her Empress of India, and that she expressed her joy so strongly when Rosebery's Ministry fell that the Liberal lords and ladies about her felt much chagrin. But even a Queen is only ordinary flesh and blood like other women. Very ordinary flesh and blood, too, it would seem, if the latest reports about the treatment of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the Secretary of War under Lord Rosebery, are true.

On the day of the adverse vote of the House of Commons, which led to the resignation of the Rosebery Ministry, and while Mr. Bannerman was still acting as War Minister, he was met on his doorstep by the private secretary of Lord Salisbury and asked in an unceremonious manner to deliver over the seals of his office. According to the London correspondent of the *Sun*, the astonished Minister told the young man that he had better communicate his master's message indoors instead of in the street. The secretary renewed his demand in Mr. Bannerman's study "saying that he had been sent by Lord Salisbury with only a verbal message and without written authority. The reply of the retiring Secretary of War was emphatic: 'I received the seals of the Secretary of State for War from her Majesty. I shall surrender them to her when she commands me to do so, and to no one else.'"

The incident was regarded as an intentional insult, and led to an explanation in the House of Lords when Lord Salisbury expressed regret if Mr. Bannerman believed that he had been treated discourteously. He declared his only object was to save Mr. Bannerman from a visit to Windsor, though why he was thus

solicitous only in Mr. Bannerman's case he did not explain. But one of the real reasons, according to the *Sun* correspondent, was that Lord Salisbury wished to get immediate possession of the seals of the British War Office "in order to put them in hock to raise money to carry on the Government. The War Department was in dire need of cash to meet imperative payments. The passage of the supply bills had been blocked by the adverse vote on Friday night. It seemed necessary to secure a temporary advance from the Bank of England. The custom in such emergencies is to deposit the seals of the needy department at the Bank as security for the loan." The other reason is where the ordinary feminine flesh and blood come in. It is said that the Queen spurred Salisbury to the ungracious act because she "feared that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman might signalize his departure from office by committing the War Office to the appointment of General Lord Wolseley or General Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in place of the Duke of Cambridge. The Queen is quite determined to keep this appointment in the royal family, and there is no doubt that the Salisbury Government will confer it upon the Duke of Connaught."

It is a typical American scene: The harvest-time that is now under full headway in most of the States of the Union has its spare moments for the thrifty farmer, though it is a very busy season. But even in these spare moments the agriculturist is busy with his thoughts. The road-making is over "for now." On one side of this primitive highway great, rough ridges of sod and clay have been plowed out of the bottom of the roadside ditch and scraped up to make the road. The farmer's cattle often coming home that way know better than to walk in these heaps while the other side of the road is smooth. So does the country swain riding home from meeting or country-side dance with his best girl. So does everybody. How, then, are those rough ways to be made plain?

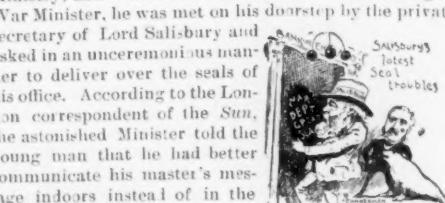
But just wait. This farmer looks innocent enough; and to judge by his road-making, you wouldn't think he knew much. These teamsters and the general public may think they can travel these highways for nothing, and that they have what city folks call a "cinch" on the downtrodden son of the soil. As soon as harvest-time is over that other side of the road will be heaped up so much higher and rougher that the wayfarer, or he who's a-horseback or in a vehicle, will be glad to take the side he now despises. The teamster with a thousand of brick will help to make one or the other of these sides smooth before fall. If not, the comminuting and pulverizing qualities of Jack Frost, or a good covering of snow, may fix things before next spring.

Now such horrid slipshod business is not at all characteristic of this farmer on the farm. If you go and look, you will find that he has all the latest improved farm machinery; good horses, blooded cattle and sheep, and is in general a rather go-ahead sort of a man—always excepting that awful road in front of his place. When he "gets around to it" I am sure he will see that this cry for good roads is not all in the interest of those bicycle people. Anyhow, what is the matter with the agriculturist getting a wheel for himself?

Nothing that Huxley ever wrote provoked more controversy than his peculiar theory that origin and progress of life among organisms, including the human species, were possible without the idea of a Creative Intelligence. In his view, all causes were mechanical causes—cause efficientes—and he admitted no first cause but Nature herself, and no "final cause"—that is, no purpose in existence—except the completing and rounding out of evolution. The discussion of Nature as the first cause—under the specific name of eternal substance—would lead too far afield, for the purposes of this article.

I would like, however, to call the attention of all studious minds interested in Huxley's work to a possible and rather agreeable as well as scientific compromise. Suppose we admit the theory of spontaneous generation of life. Huxley may justly lay claim to the only alleged experimental proof of this spontaneous generation. In the deeper depths of the Atlantic Ocean has been found, it is alleged, what is called *Bathybius Huxleyensis*. This is a slime or ooze in which carbon and nitrogen are said to be so active that old *Bathybius* crawled around in the bottom of the sea for so many years before man, or any other living thing came upon the earth that the mind tires to even think of it. *Bathybius* is claimed—though slime—to be a thing of life like the rest of us.

Now, the compromise I propose is this—and it is, by the way, a brand-new compromise in the war between Huxley and religion. Let us admit all that Huxley and Haeckel claim for *Bathybius*. Let him crawl, and



FIRST LOVES OF JOSEPHINE:

FATHER, MOTHER, AND ISLAND HOME.

BY FREDERICK A. OBER.

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V.

AT DIAMOND ROCK.

THE *Diablotin*, or devil-bird, has its home in the mountains, where, at the very summit, it burrows a hole for itself. More than two hundred years ago it was discovered, yet to-day it is as mysterious as ever. As night falls the lone dweller in the mountain valley, or the solitary fisherman drawing his net, hears a shriek, as of a despairing soul, sees a dusky figure sweep by him; that is all. Then he crosses himself, saying: "The devil-bird is a-wing, and I must seek a shelter." For days the apprehension of evil to befall will cling to him; no more firmly does the Oriental believe in the malice effect of the evil eye.

In reality, the *Diablotin* is a harmless bird—a species of petrel, its home in the mountain-top, its haunts over the turbulent sea. But Adée was firm in her conviction that something harmful would result from this chance meeting with the devil-bird; and when, that evening, Mme. La Pagerie told her that it had been decided to send Josephine away to school, she felt her fears were verified.

"*O, Yeyette, moi*" (addressing Josephine by the pet name of the household), and throwing her arms around her neck; "*Yeyette, ma fille*, you will not leave your dear Adée? What can the schools teach you? Do you not already know how to dance, to sing, to play the *tambou*, to embroider, to whistle like the birds, to run like the agouti? Never, never, will you be so happy as you are now. Stay with us, *Yeyette*."

Mme. La Pagerie smiled sadly, but, untwining the arms of the loving pair, drew Josephine to her side and set before her the necessity of attending to her commands. "You are now a large girl, my darling. I have taught you all it is possible, encumbered as I am with the care of your two sisters; your education must be finished at the convent. It will not be a long separation, and besides, you can return here every week, spending a day with us. Adée shall go with you and return with you, if you desire."

Her tears were flowing, for it cost her a great effort to part even temporarily from her eldest daughter. She had been so helpful to her—a womanly companion rather than a little child; yet with so ready to engage in romp or frolic.

Josephine said nothing, but kissed her mother submissively, and was led to her chamber by Adée, blinded by her tears. There the two wept together, and consoled each other with the assurance that the separation should not be for a long time, and that, the great scheme of education finished, *Yeyette* would return to live with them all her life.

There were two convents of repute in Martinique, that of the Ursulines at St. Pierre, the farther city, and another, the "Dames de la Providence," at the near town of Fort Royal. Here, also, lived Mme. de la Pagerie, Josephine's grandmother, with whom she resided while attending school at Fort Royal, and who cared for her as for her own child. The years passed rapidly. Josephine was an apt pupil, and readily acquired all the nuns could teach her. At the age of fifteen she returned to her home at La Pagerie, where also she had spent the long vacations.

Her two sisters, Desirée and Marie, were then aged respectively about twelve and ten. During the years when they might have been her companions she was away at school; thus it was that Adée still held the place of elder sister in her affections. The faithless Adée, having been in a measure separated from the idol of her heart, had allowed one of her numerous admirers to capture and carry her away.

Released from school, Josephine hastened to rejoin the expectant family at La Pagerie, and the day following the happy reunion an excursion was planned to the sea-valley behind the hills where Adée, now a matron and mother, was living with her husband.

She had sent invitation by special messenger, an old African, who had waited in order to guide the party over the hills. They started at daybreak; M. Tascher, grave but kindly, led the little procession, mounted upon a Puerto-Rico pony. Behind him, in hammocks of Cayenne grass, between poles carried by stout negro laborers, were the daughters of the house of La Pagerie, gay and laughing.

They took the valley path until it ended at a break in

the new world at their feet. Josephine was full of elation at the prospect of soon meeting with her devoted nurse. The cool morning breezes fanned her hair and cheeks, the gilt-crested humming-birds darted at her hammock and played around her head. Sweet odors of honeysuckle and frangipanni, jessamine and acacia filled the air, and the birds caroled to her as she passed them by.

With a heart bursting with gladness, filled with thanksgivings addressed to her Creator, the girl reclined in her hammock, dreamily noting the shifting phases of the gliding panorama. The joyous slaves sang wild

supplemented sometimes by that evoked from calabash and gourd.

Not for many years had old Crazy-crazy had so distinguished an audience, and the presence of the master of Sannois, together with his charming daughters, inspired him to unprecedented feats of skill. The protesting *tambou* growled and groaned, howled and moaned, sent its wail afar and its muffled sighs deep into the earth. "Hark!" cried Adée; "it is the voice of Pelee, the sigh of the demon-jombie, who lives in the crater of the great volcano."

In truth, it seemed the very earth was trembling; almost the awed listeners could fancy they heard the ominous mutterings of a coming earthquake, and they shuddered. For, the earthquake was no stranger to the dwellers in Martinique.

The old *Fou-fou* sat astride the drum, tapping it with his finger-tips, caressing it with rapid passes of his hands, and now and then punishing it with a vicious kick of his naked heel. He broke into savage song, in the chorus of which the assembled negroes joined:

"*Oh, yoïé-yoïé;*
Oh, missé-ah;
Y bel tambouyé;
Aie, ya, yaïé;
Joli Tambouyé."

The music ended in a prolonged roll, dying to a moan, a sigh, fainter and fainter, until lost in the forest-depths. The African fell from his drum, prone upon the ground, and with a sigh of relief his auditors left him, seeking more cheerful entertainment.

Before the huts lay a crescent of sand, hot and glistening in the sun of midday; but beginning to be cool in the shadows of the cliffs, as the mid-afternoon was reached. The waves gently lapped its golden floor, inviting the children to wade in their foam, to embark upon their bosom. Isolated in the waters of the bay, a mile away or so, rose a great rock, like a pyramid, five hundred feet in height.

"That is 'Diamond Rock,'" said M. Tascher, pointing to it: "*Le Roche du Diamant*. Do not you remember, *Yeyette*, the story of its capture, by the English, some twenty years ago? When the French and English were at war, and when the fleets of both great Powers were scouring these seas in search of prey, some of our smaller vessels used to escape the enemy by sailing between that rock and the mainland, thus reaching unharmed the port of Fort Royal, which is just behind that promontory. This occurred so frequently that the British commander, Lord Howe, vowed he would stop it, if it took all the sailors of his fleet. So he sent a

songs of their native Africa, their deep bassos reverberating in the gorges, as they swung along, happy in the service of their queen. At the head of the procession, now descending the narrow trail in Indian file, strode the ancient African. He carried a small drum, or *tambou*, made by stretching the skin of some wild animal over the head of a hollowed log. As the sea opened to their view he sent out a note of warning to the dwellers in the valley: "*Tam, tam, tam-tam-tam*." It was heard and answered: "*Poum, poum, poum-poum*."

"*La calienda!*" shouted the hammock-bearers, "the dance, the African dance! Ah, we will have a good time soon!"

Thus, elated with anticipation of a feast and dance, the negroes hastened forward, and soon they had reached the shore, where the hills had drawn their feet away from the sea and left a curving beach, backed by fertile meadow and bordered with cocoa palms. Beneath the palms was a collection of grass huts, with wattled sides and deep-thatched roofs, surrounded with gardens of tropical fruits. Here lived the freed negroes and colored people of that district, and, standing in the doorway of one of the newest of the huts, was the Junoesque figure of Adée. In her arms was an infant, a twelve-month child, naked as a god, golden in hue as the boy the Guiana Indians offered to the King of El Dorado. With a loud cry of joy, she ran forward to welcome her darling *Yeyette*, casting the astonished infant into the hammock, and clasping the girl in her arms.

"Ah, *Yeyette-mi*, my darling, light of my eyes, my heart's idol! Adée thought she would never see you again."

They laughed and cried, holding each other close, and then at arms-length, gazing into eyes filled with tears of joy. When the paroxysm had passed, Adée picked up the golden infant and led the way to her house. Her husband, another magnificent specimen of the mixed race, a brown-skinned Adonis, was introduced, and soon refreshments were brought the tired travelers. A little native black boy climbed up a cocoanut tree and cast down some "water-nuts," then descending, he clipped off the pointed end of each, leaving a small round hole opening into the ivory geode filled with sweetest water.

Drinking this clear nectar, they were refreshed, and after the hammocks were slung beneath the trees, they all took a needed rest. Then the visitors were summoned to a straw-thatched pavilion, where, spread upon a long table, was a banquet prepared with all the luxuries of the tropics. The air was perfumed with the fragrance of pineapples, bananas, savory soups and delicious desserts. M. Tascher presided, his beautiful daughter sat at his right hand, with her sisters opposite, while the happy Adée, her husband, and the prettiest girls of the hamlet, waited upon them.

Breakfast having been served, and the attendants having disposed of their duties for the day, a short siesta was indulged in, after which all repaired to a near palm grove, to witness, and take part in, if so desired, the dance of the day.

Seated upon the ground, with a background of netted *lianes*, the aged African who had been their guide took a large *tambou* between his knees and began the preliminary call to the *calienda*.

"*Poum, poum; tam-tam-tam, tam-poum.*" The hollow sound rolled along the plain and through the woods, rising and falling, diminishing and swelling, with a weird and powerful effect. Billows of sound, deep muttering as of distant thunder, wild calls of night-birds, melancholy wailings of wandering spirits—all these seemed to be evoked from that skin-covered log. A peculiar quality of the *tambou* roll is that it traverses vast distances, penetrates great areas of forest, impelling the listener to seek out its source, to assemble with his brothers for the wild and savage *calienda*. Old *Fou-fou* (the Crazy-crazy) had acquired the art from an African ancestor, himself a great chief of a coast tribe; and by means of the subtle, fascinating and awe-inspiring thunder-roll of the *tambou* his royal forbear had often called his tribe to war.

Brought to America with the imported slaves, the *tambou* still supplies the negro with his simple music,

midshipman there, with a picked body of men, who hoisted several guns to the summit of the rock, and who for over a year commanded the channel. We could not dislodge them, the rock is so steep, and they annoyed us exceedingly. But finally the English Admiral sailed away and forgot them, and, as they were only provisioned for a limited time, they capitulated to our commander at the Fort. It is said that the rock was entered on the British Admiralty lists as 'His Majesty's Ship, Diamond Rock,' and its brave defenders rated as the crew of a ship-of-war."

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed *Yeyette*, "but they were brave men. How I should like to have met them! Cannot we go over to the rock?"

"Is it safe, Adée? Do your boats ever go there?"

"Yes, indeed. We can reach it in twenty minutes. Charles, get the canoe."

A great canoe, hewn from a huge gum tree, was quickly brought around from the river, and into it they all climbed, with cries of joy. Three bronzed sailors paddled so lustily that they were soon under the lee of the rock, and shortly ashore, in a sheltered rift.

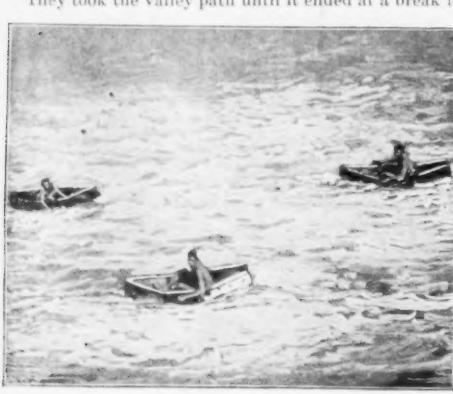
There was not much to see at the marge, so *Yeyette* wished to climb the narrow path which wound around the cliff like a thread.

"I don't think it would be safe," said Adée; "but we can go a little way. But have a care, my child; the rock is very steep."

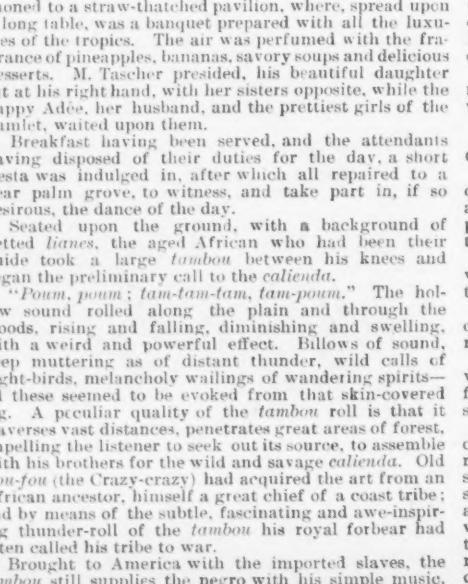
"Never fear, but follow me," cried *Yeyette*, and she was already a hundred feet up the height before her father, who had been hidden behind a projecting rock, saw and shouted to her to descend.

She laughed and kissed her hand to him, but still climbed breathlessly on. Half-way up the trail abruptly ended, where the rock had been dislodged in some earthquake. The shelf of rock upon which she stood was so narrow she could not turn, and glancing about her fearfully, she caught sight of the white waves, two hundred feet below, snarling at the base of the precipice. This sight made her dizzy; her head reeled, she would have fallen had not Adée, who was close behind, quickly caught and steadied her. A mo-

NEGRO CANOE BOYS.



the hills, whence they descended toward the open sea. Hitherto in deep shade, owing to the early hour of their departure, the sun burst upon them at the hill-crest, illuminating the blue ocean and gilding the spires—the mountain-peaks—of the distant island of St. Lucia, where also M. Tascher had a plantation. The girls caught their breath at the beauty of the scene spread out before them, clapped their hands with joy at sight



ment only they hung above the white-fanged waves, leaping and gnawing at the rocks below. Then, held in her nurse's arms, Josephine retreated to a broader ledge, where she recovered from her fright.

Sobered by this incident, she descended to join the group below, and her father, having no words with which to rebuke her, folded her in his arms. Trembling in his embrace, her face hidden against his shoulder, Josephine then realized what a refuge and strength was this grave and tender parent, whose love was too deep for words, whose life was devoted entirely to her happiness.

The *canotiers* bore them swiftly to the beach, whence, after a brief tarry for refreshment, the planter and his daughters departed for their home. The sun had set beneath the waves ere they reached the hill-crests above La Pagerie, and their descent was made in the dusk. But the villagers accompanied them with torches of fragrant *gommier* gum, which flickered and fitfully illuminated the recesses of the woods, where the serpents lurked, and from which came out heavy perfumes of wild flowers and strange nocturnal noises. Old *Foufou*, who had recovered, marched at the head of the company; the weird music of his *tambou* throbbed through the still air, as it pulsated, all the night, through Josephine's journey in dreamland.

(Continued next week)

THE LATE PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

PROF. THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, the great English scientist, died at Eastbourne, England, on June 29, in his seventieth year. As the inventor of agnosticism, or rather of the term agnostic, which he called himself, Huxley dealt dogmatic religion perhaps the severest blow it has ever received. "I don't know" was his favorite expression whenever any question involving the supernatural order, or supersensory matters, was involved. In his work on Christianity and Evolution he has summed up in a few paragraphs his position on this subject in a very clear and forcible manner.

"When I reached intellectual maturity," wrote Huxley in the volume referred to, "and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist, a theist or a pantheist, a materialist or an idealist, a Christian or a free thinker, I found that the more I learned and reflected the less ready was the answer, until at last I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with any of these denominations except the last. The one thing in which most of these good people agreed was the one thing on which I differed from them. They were quite sure they had attained a certain 'gnosis,' had more or less solved the problem of existence, while I was quite sure I had not and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of agnostic. It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the agnostic of Church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant."

The word agnostic comes from a Greek verb meaning not to know, and its appropriateness as applied to all who agree with Huxley in refusing to admit or even deny things unknown or unknowable by scientific tests will be easily admitted. About theology or revealed religion his sole response always was "I don't know." "You can't prove it." "It may be so, but I can't believe it." "My reason rejects it." "I don't know" and "You don't know; there is no possible basis on which either you or I can arrive, not merely at any certainty, but even at any rational and authoritative opinion."

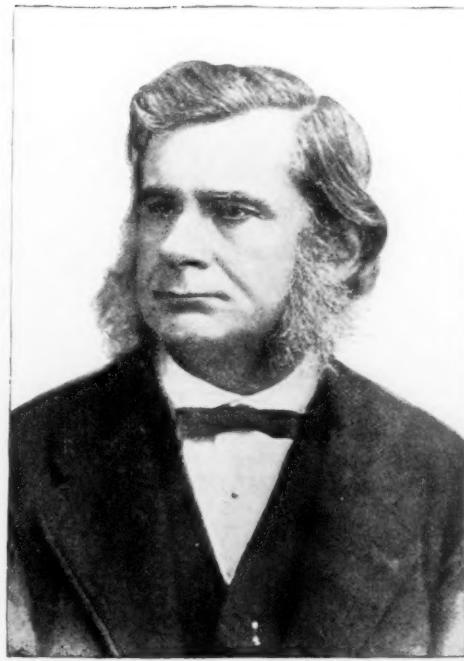
Such an attitude toward religion and all supernatural subjects was certainly well calculated to sow the seeds of general disbelief in all dogmatic religion, and it is no wonder that the defenders of the Christian and other religions regarded Huxley as their deadliest opponent. Like Spencer, Darwin, Tyndall and Draper, his scientific attainments were of the very highest order and made his opposition all the more powerful. He founded a school, so to speak, which gathered many followers in a very short time, and these numbers, it must be admitted, are constantly increasing. The tendency to submit everything to scientific test is showing itself in every question, great and little, that comes up for discussion in these days of little faith in the supernatural. It is evident in the cool, rational discussions about the resurrection of the Saviour, which a generation ago would have caused widespread indignation and the bitterest terms of reproach. To have suggested a doubt in a Christian assemblage about the material as well as the spiritual resurrection would have excited positive horror among the faithful. But now such questions are debated with the same calmness as an ordinary problem in science.

There is no doubt that Bonnet and Darwin by their theories of evolution are responsible for this loosening of the bonds of faith, for if their theories can be maintained the very foundations on which rest the doctrines of man's creation directly by the hand of God as a perfect being, vertebrate, rational and fully endowed with free will and understanding, are swept aside as delusions of the past.

It is true there is some evidence of a halt in this red-hot pursuit of all things with a scientific stick, so to speak. Men are beginning to ask themselves to what good end will this pursuit lead?—how will the human race be benefited by learning that they are descended from fishes, reptiles, birds or monkeys? What compensation will be offered to mankind for the loss of their belief in revealed religion and especially in a beautiful hereafter? Is it not better to leave these sweet comforting beliefs unshaken? We have woes and sufferings enough without robbing us of what seems to be the one great consolatory hope of a blissful hereafter.

Professor Huxley was born in the year 1825, at Ealing, Middlesex, England, and displayed the peculiarly original bent of his mind even at school in his native place. His sturdy spirit of independence and proneness to investigate were greatly strengthened while he pursued the study of medicine in London, and still more so while he was acting as naval surgeon on H.M.S. "Rattlesnake" in the South Pacific and Torres Straits.

To enumerate all the honorable positions filled by Huxley would require more space than an article of this description would admit. One after another all the honors possible to a great scientist fell to his lot, and in



THE LATE PROFESSOR THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

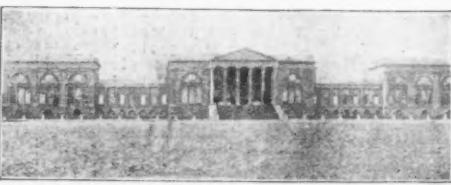
each he displayed the most remarkable ability and originality of thought. In 1876 he visited this country, and Moncure D. Conway has placed on record the impressions of the distinguished scientist during his seven weeks' sojourn in the United States. I cannot do better than quote from Mr. Conway's account of his interview with Huxley in London as follows:

"As for America, his only regret is that his stay there was but seven weeks, instead of seven months. Both he and Mrs. Huxley declare themselves especially delighted by the glimpses they got of American home and social life. One of the most pleasant episodes of their visit was two days passed with that charming Cambridge company—the Fiskes, Lathrops and others—who form a little picnic colony at Petersham in the summer. Nowhere in the world had they met with more charming, cultivated people, or persons more cordial. As for American science, Professor Huxley thinks that the same movement and tendency of thought are going on there as in England, though America is some years behind yet. He found the American men of science generally full of kindness. Professor Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian, made the best of guides for his appreciation of the marvelous exhibition in Philadelphia. I need not say that he spoke with the utmost enthusiasm of Professor Marsh of Yale, for his lectures at New York sufficiently attest his opinion concerning Marsh and his achievement. But Professor Huxley manifested some misgivings whether the Americans really knew what a man they have in Marsh, or recognized that he is one of the best-drilled and most thoroughly informed men of science now living. 'Indeed,' said Professor Huxley, 'I much fear that the Americans do not recognize some of their greatest men. There are Professor Dana, for instance, and Leidy of Philadelphia, who, with us over here, have long been in the front rank; but I read an article in the *North American Review*—a centennial article on American science—in which those men were hardly more than mentioned.'

STOWE HOUSE.

ON Tuesday, June 25, the marriage between the Princess Helene, second daughter of the late Comte de Paris, and the Duc d'Aosta was celebrated at the Church of St. Raphael, Kingston-on-Thames, in the presence of a most brilliant and distinguished company of guests, which included members of the royal families of England, France, Italy, Spain and Portugal.

Stowe House, the residence of the widowed Comtesse de Paris, the bride's mother, is a very charming place, surrounded by a magnificent park, with double avenues of oaks, elms, beeches and chestnuts, through which one has a drive of over four miles before reaching the mansion. This latter was evidently built by a man of great ideas, for it is of prodigious size and marvelous strength. Its front extension is over nine hundred feet and its style purely classical, being a combination of Ionic and Corinthian.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF STOWE HOUSE.

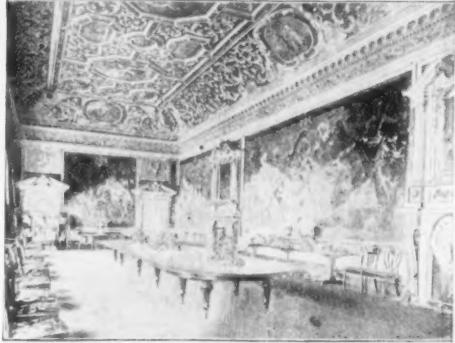
Inside, the saloons are superbly grand, both for size and fittings. There is a large Marble Hall of oval shape, sixty feet long and fifty-six feet high, supported by immense columns, and beautifully ornamented with sculptured figure processions, and marble statues in niches. Then there is a Dining Hall that is remarkably fine, being between seventy and eighty feet in length, and having its walls hung with costly Flemish tapestry. The ceiling has some beautiful frescoes in oils, with panels in gold relief. Royal blue and gold brocade

curtain the windows, while the mantelpieces are of pure marble supported by Corinthian columns, and carrying bronze reliefs. Sevres vases, etc., abound, and numbers of stuffed birds on tables and screens are evidences of the Duc d'Orleans' skill as a sportsman.

The drawing-room is truly regal. It has a ceiling exquisitely painted and decorated, supported by pillars and pilasters of porphyry; an Italian marble mantel; and walls, curtains and furniture upholstery of rich crimson brocade. On the walls there is a choice collection of the old masters, while immense Sevres vases, costly cabinets with still more costly contents, are in abundance. The billiard-room has also a richly frescoed ceiling, supported by *scaglioli* pillars with gold caps of the Ionic order. I have never seen a really more sumptuous billiard-room. The furniture is of massive over-burnish and carved frames with silk floral upholstery. The walls show beautifully hand-painted panels inclosed in gold relief framework, while cases of stuffed animals and birds, marble-topped tables and Parisian timepieces are everywhere *en evidence*.

The schoolroom is an interesting apartment to visit. It has all the usual fittings for study, a number of family portraits on the walls, a half-finished painting on an easel—evidently the work of the young Princess Louise, who has just quitted the room—and a plentiful supply of flowers, these more especially adorning a small altar in one corner of the room. Opening from here is a playroom, formerly a State bedroom of the palace; the State bed with its hangings is still there; it is now, however, put to an entirely different use a large collection of toys taking the place of bedding.

The small chapel is particularly plain—an altar-piece of almost severe aspect, relieved only by some flowers

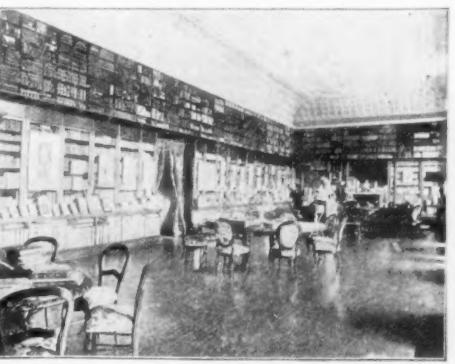


THE DRAWING-ROOM.

and a small painting of the Virgin and Child immediately above it. Both here and in the English chapel one notices the very strong smell of cedar wood immediately on entering; the window casements and shutters of the Catholic chapel and the walls of the English chapel are completely lined with this wood—a relic of the Spanish Armada.

I have a brief glance at the apartments of the Princess Helene, noticing the many curios with which they are abundantly filled, the cozy corners and pretty fittings, and the beautiful look-out from the windows; but what chiefly interests me is the photographic fit-up of the Princess. There is a large box of negatives taken in Egypt and various Continental places, which show that she is an operator of more than the average amateur order.

The great library is well worth seeing. It is of companion size to the dining-room, and has a gallery running round it with shelves which, like those on the lower floor, are completely filled with antique and valuable works. The sombre appearance generally pertaining to a library is relieved by a very large collection of photographs of the English and other royal families. The two marble mantels are supported by Caryatides, and in the centre of the room is a beautiful marble statuette on a pedestal. The French tri-colors are displayed at one end over a large screen, and quite a number of engravings are in position facing the shelves.



THE LIBRARY.

The park itself would take some hours to explore. It has so many buildings and temples in it that one can only wonder as to the cause of their erection. There are temples to Venus and Bacchus, a cave to Dido, a Paladian bridge, a Gothic temple, a Temple of Concord; also a Bourbon Tower, so named from the Bourbons surrounding it, planted there by the Bourbon princes. I have not, I suppose, really mentioned half of them, any more than I have adequately described the interior of the palatial residence; but perhaps I have said sufficient to show that Stowe House for splendor and for surroundings is worthy to take first rank among our "stately homes of England." Moreover, one of the charms of making its acquaintance consists in the seclusion which has always surrounded it.

MARY SPENCER WARREN.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

BY A SURCHARGED INCOME TAX PAYER.
(From Labouchere's "Death.")

To the West! To the West! To the land of the free!
You, that is the country in future for me!
You may say it's the home of the blizzard—that's true,
You may talk of its sunstrokes—my answer is "Pooh!"
"Pooh" as you may on its native "Judge Lynch",
You can't from my purpose induce me to flinch.
Its twang may be nasal, its etiquette lax,
But oh! it's the land where there's no income-tax!

Tis useless to dwell on its "bosses" and "riaps,"
Its monkey-like dudes, its ill-bred "Silver Kings",
Its papers, I grant, may be lacking in taste,
But in hints such as these you your labor but waste;
You may harp on its faults for a week if you will,
But my heart, unaffected, would turn to it still;
Or whatever it likes and whatever it lacks,
Tis the land of all lands where there's no income-tax!

But I'm off to the West! where the Courts, wisely stern,
Have "sat on" all chance of the "surcharged return,"
Where the harsh "Schedule D" will not vex, as of yore,
Nor the "Special Commissioners" worry me more.
I leave thee, Old England, I leave, with regret,
But, though parting tears-drops my eyelids may wet,
But my mind is made up, and I mean to "make tracks"
For the land where they cannot impose income-tax!



A CLERICAL EXTERIOR.

BY MRS. L. B. WALFORD.

"S for society, my dear fellow, ahem!" said the vicar, significantly. Then he looked at the youthful, serious figure before him, taking in its spare outlines, the slight bend of the neck, and the length—the extreme length—of the new black coat. "Ahem!" he repeated. But inwardly he made the swift and cheerful reflection: "Quite pre-sentable, but absolutely indifferent. Full of zeal and visions. An embryo Lovel or Damian, in short!" with a sarcastic quirk of the lip. "I know the cut. At the present moment it suits me down to the ground." "I am not in the least solicitous about society," said the new curate, with gentle decision.

"No; I thought not. Society is—is all very well in its way; but when a man is beginning his life-work"—the speaker shot a glance and marked that it told—"society is more or less a hindrance. Later on it is a different matter. Your object now is to learn all you can, and do all you can; and this great teeming parish of mine, east of the East of London, will prove, I trust, an excellent master in the lesson. There is not"—he paused, then corrected himself—"there is hardly more than one house in it to be visited on equal terms."

The curate did not even ask whose house it was. A few days later, however, Mr. Fairclough himself suggested: "I must take you to call on Lady Margaret Whitmore, Bertram. Lady Margaret will expect it. She is not only my principal parishioner, but the largest landowner in the neighborhood. An excellent woman—lively, benevolent. We are lucky in having such a person in this forsaken—I mean this queer, out-of-the-way part of the world. Every one else who has ever held property hereabouts has fled the scene; sold it for building purposes, and made off to happier hunting-grounds. The East End of London is not what you can call an agreeable vicinity, and the East End is approaching us Essex folk at a gallop. But Lady Margaret has struck her roots deep, like one of her own elms—toe deep ever to be torn up; though one day doubtless she will snap at the stem, as they occasionally do. Long may that day be off! And meantime I must take you with me to Garfords, and present you in due form."

"When shall we go, sir?" inquired the young man, glancing at a note-book in his hand. "I had better make a note of it—"

"Pooh! Note! Come along now," cried the vicar with genial affability. "Tis a nice day for a walk, and the walk to Garfords is the only decent one in the place."

"I am afraid this afternoon is full already. I had arranged to call at the schools—"

"My dear boy, the schools can wait."

"And to take these papers for the magazine—"

"Put them in your pocket, and if we have time we can hand them in as we return."

"You wished me to see about the special service—"

"Special service be—" Mr. Fairclough choked the word "hanged" in his throat. He was too apt to let fall unclerical expressions. Aloud he merely remarked: "My dear Bertram, you are quite right, perfectly right, to map out your time and economize it. There is nothing like method, as I always tell my curates; but all the same, there come occasions when method must go to the wall. It does not do to be a slave to red tape," juggling his young disciple's arm playfully. "I had got my day laid out as well as you, but the sun shines, the birds sing, and the upshot is—away with that note-book!" tapping it with his finger. "There is nothing in it that will not keep till to morrow or next day, and away we go across the fields to the one house in the neighborhood where there is the prospect of an hour's real enjoyment in the performance of an actual and positive duty visitation."

He seized his large, important, glossy hat with one hand and his silver-headed cane with the other. Bertram put on a smooth black wide-awake, and was extracting his umbrella from the stand when Mr. Fairclough, with half-humorous irritation, pushed it back.

"No, no; can't stand that. An umbrella when there is not a cloud in the sky! In the month of June, too! Here," opening a side door (for the two were standing in the inner hall of the vicarage, a spacious, well-planned building, as many of its kind are in that region), "here, take your choice. Here are sticks of every sort—sticks long, sticks short; sticks lean, sticks

stout; sticks rough, sticks smooth! Some of them haven't been used for twenty years or more, but I go on collecting all the same. Ay, that one will suit you, I dare say; and you handle it as though to the manner born. Come, Bertram, I see you know a good stick. Don't tell me that you prefer to trudge along a country road with that infernal machine, a parson's umbrella."

"No, sir! I—I never walked with an umbrella in my life till I took orders. But I thought—" the young man smiled suggestively.

"Ay, I know well enough what you thought;" Mr. Fairclough's eyes twinkled. "You are not the first. And, of course, you are quite right in a way, Bertram; the good folks down here have a great eye for the correct clerical exterior, and Lady Margaret and her daughters especially expect the clergy to be turned out *de rigueur*. But an umbrella, you know, an umbrella! The fact is, an umbrella is my *bele noire*, Bertram; and to tell the honest truth, if I dared I'd pitch both it and that black wide-awake of yours to the back of beyond!—and see my curates go about clothed like other gentlemen."

"But, sir—"

"Oh, I know it can't be done, and, after all, it's a trifle, a mere trifle. Now, then, this way." And cutting short the discussion wherein he feared he had been betrayed too far, the older pedestrian hastily opened a side gate, and after the two had passed through, and he had again secured its fastenings, was ready with a fresh topic of conversation. To himself he said, "I must take care not to shock this gauntlet youth. Suppose he does pin his faith on a coat or a collar, and suppose I have entwined that illusion, he would be none the better suited to this place and the work before him for adopting my views and discarding his own. As long as he does his part, and fights the world, the flesh and the devil manfully, what odds if he chooses to look it in his own way? Lady Margaret, at any rate, will think none the worse of him." And he chatted sociably and pleasantly as they wended their way along.

"And so I needn't have got this beast of a hat after all," said Bertram to himself. "Confound it, and the coat, too! If I had only known!"

He had left Oxford one year before, had taken a good degree, and prepared with zest for the life of a hard-working parish clergyman. Of his own free will he had made this choice, had felt called to it, discovered himself suited to it, and from the bottom of his heart desired nothing better than to concentrate his energies and exercise his best powers in the sacred profession. But he was not quite the meek visionary nor the rapt enthusiast imagined by that very muscular Christian, the Rev. Augustus Fairclough.

"Mary, Mary, how exciting! two men coming up the lane!" exclaimed the younger Miss Whitmore to her sister, as the two sat lazily upon the lawn at Garfords, with a litter of books and magazines around them. "Two men, actually! Who can they be? Who?"

Mary turned her head slowly, almost contemptuously, round. "It never is anybody, so what is the use of saying 'Who'?" There is only Mr. Fairclough whom it can be."

"Mr. Fairclough it is. And the new curate, as I'm a—what pity mamma is out! She is the curate-lover in this house. We must see them, though, and do the civil. After all, Mr. Fairclough would never bring any one here who was not passable, barely passable, even to please mamma. He knows what is due to us—to you and me—and that we can't stand grubs, whatever mamma can. I am rather glad we were at home now. We shall see if this new importation is likely to be any sort of good to us. If only he should be up to the mark for a dinner or a dance—"

"Nonsense!" Mary Whitmore made a restive movement. She was out-of-sorts that day; vexed because of a certain disappointment, and disinclined to put up with interruptions of her brooding mood. "As if a curate could be any good in that way!" she said, petulantly. "And you know what they are, as a rule. I don't know how they manage it, but directly they become rectors and vicars they are nice enough, and pleasant enough, but curates!" and her nose went up in the air.

"Still, he might do for a dinner," persisted the younger, "and I don't believe Mr. Fairclough would bring him to call if he would not do for a dinner. You know he has two other inferior creatures he never thinks of bringing."

"Oh, I don't know; they are all alike," said Mary indifferently.

None of the indifference, however, was apparent when Miss Whitmore arose to greet her visitors. No one could ever accuse Lady Margaret's daughters of ill-breeding; and certainly neither of the newcomers had any reason to suppose that they were grudged their share of the rustling shade, nor of the luxurious encampment on the velvet turf, which seemed created to invite repose.

"I have been telling Mr. Bertram that this is the one place in the neighborhood where you may imagine yourself a thousand miles from London," began the vicar, laying down his stick, and spreading himself out comfortably. "The peace and stillness of Garfords is the one soothing oasis in my great bewildering desert of a parish. I come here when I want to forget where I live. Ah, how sweet those azaleas smell!" catching a whiff from a large clump near. "And the lilac and may, too," sniffing about. "Delicious, the mingling of fragrance! And that white broom sweeping the water?"

His eye going down to small lake embedded in shrubs. "This is really Paradise," concluded the speaker, taking off his hat, and burrowing down yet deeper in the basket-chair. "Bertram, I told you this was the day for Garfords, did I not? Young ladies, I trust, you will excuse us for breaking in upon the harmony of such an afternoon, but I think you will agree with me that when a man is to see Garfords for the first time, he ought to see it on a day like this. And now," more briskly, "now, pray, what is the news of the outer world? What have you been hearing? What are you reading?" picking up with the ease of friendship the nearest volume, and plunging instantly into a discussion of its merits.

The theme was interesting, and the young lady animated and intelligent. It only needed the murmur of other voices, and the perception that he was not required to stimulate a lagging dialogue on his other hand, to set the good-natured, elderly gentleman free to pursue it; and he was presently so entirely absorbed as to forget any responsibility hitherto felt connected with the visit.

All at once, however, Mr. Fairclough was startled. A clear, natural, hearty laugh rang out close to his ear. He broke off short in the very middle of a sentence, to turn a pair of round, surprised eyes upon Bertram.

Bertram was sitting upon the edge of his seat twirling his cane between his fingers, and from his parted lips had emanated a sound never heard before by his clerical superior.

There was nothing disagreeable in the laugh; it could not be termed either impudent or familiar; but it was undeniably spontaneous, frank and mirthful; and somehow—though for the life of him Mr. Fairclough could not have said how—it took him aback. A gentle, hesitating smile was the outside he had ever won from this pale-faced student; and though he had been at times a trifle impatient of such pertinacious solemnity, he had been impressed by it, and inclined to consider its effect upon his parishioners as distinctly advantageous.

What, then, was the meaning of this new departure? He literally stared, and let it be felt that he was staring.

Margaret Whitmore, who had been the cause of the laugh, and whose own merry eyes were dancing, caught her breath and almost, if not actually, apologized. Bertram's cane fell from his hands, and when he had recovered it there was a suffusion of color on his cheek which had certainly not been there before.

"I have been telling Mr. Bertram a story of one of our old farm laborers;" and the young lady, with some what hurried intonation, repeated the story. But neither she nor her auditors felt moved to more than a mild appreciation of its flavor on this second narration.

"Ha! ha! ha! Very good!" Mr. Fairclough did indeed emit a faint, commendatory chuckle, and proceeded to cap the anecdote on the instant; but, though he was an excellent *raconteur*, and though his *mot* was superior to Miss Margaret's, he felt that he had not obliterated the memory of his own lapse, nor restored the comfortable unanimity which had preceded it.

If he had only had the sense to sit still and keep his ears open! As it was, he was perforce obliged to go on talking for the whole party, since the abashed Bertram could scarce lift up his head again, while Margaret Whitmore looked as if she, too, had met with a rebuke. Neither recovered entirely throughout the remainder of the call . . .

"Yes, you were; you were much too free. Mr. Fairclough thought so, and so did I," exclaimed Mary afterward. "Talking and laughing like that with a curate! Of course, the poor man had to laugh back—he could not help it—and then you saw the look he got."

"Gracious me! I saw the look, and I could scarcely believe my eyes. I thought it downright cruel; while as for the poor youth, he got as red as a rose. It was the greatest fun!"

"Fun? Nonsense! Mamma would have been very angry. You know how often she has told you not to be familiar all at once with strangers. The only thing that redeemed it was Mr. Fairclough's annoyance, and his look of blank amazement."

"And the dead stop he made," cried Margaret, with intense appreciation. "The sort of 'Good heavens! what is going to happen next?' expression on his face. Oh, it was glorious!" and she threw herself back in her chair, twisting her handkerchief into a ball, tossing it into the air and catching it again. "I must prepare a few more such shocks for our venerable vicar!" cried she. "I must lay in a store. After all, why shouldn't a poor young person see a joke as well as other people? At first you may imagine how furious I was when I saw you had usurped dear old Mr. Fairclough, who is always worth talking to, and left me to struggle with the other. I, who had never been to a 'Mothers' meeting' or a 'Work party' in my life! I could just manage to be interested in the 'Lending library,' because I thought it would be a good thing to clear the shelves of all our old magazines and useless books now that we have got such a lot of new ones. We want some more room, and there is a perfect accumulation. I told the youth I should look them out and send them down. The youth seemed pensively grateful, and we worried out the subject. You must have heard how solemnly we conversed. Then I tried him—feeling my way—on croquet and lawn tennis. If you will believe me, a spasm of disgust shot across his face at the words! At this point I felt reckless; I let myself loose to talk as I chose, and would no longer attempt to adapt my conversation to my company, as mamma and you think one ought to do. I just *gave* it him! I told him all we were doing and all we were going to do. I didn't care whether he liked it or not. Probably he thinks me an appallingly worldly and frivolous young lady. I ran on exactly as if he had been any other young man, and he bent his gentle head and let the torrent flow over it. But when I got to old Truman's idea of the Jubilee procession, it found the spot, like Homoea. Some time or other, in the Dark Ages, this spiritual being must have known what it was to laugh, and ever since there has been—there must have been—a pent-up laugh somewhere. Mary, do you know, I am rather proud of myself for having pricked that hidden spot."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Mary, fretfully. "Here is mamma at last. Perhaps—" She rose from her chair and stood for a moment ruminating. "Perhaps what?"

"All that we need say to mamma is that Mr. Fairclough brought the new curate to call, and that he seems gentleman-like." Again she hesitated. "A man of that sort would be so very useful" she murmured in conclusion.

"And mamma likes them cadaverous," cried Margaret, gayly. "Mamma!" springing forward and getting her voice in first, as the mother's pen had a trick of doing. "Mamma, you're in luck. Mr. Fairclough has got a curate after your own heart. I don't know if he parts his hair down the middle, because he kept on his abomination of a hat all the time he was here, though I am sure he was longing to take it off, as Mr. Fairclough did his. But in every other respect Mary and I can testify that he meets your views, and we foresee that you will have him here morning, noon and night. He is

'just sweet,' as they say in America. Now, Mary, tell the truth, is not this Mr. Bertram 'just sweet'?"

Lady Margaret looked from one daughter to another. "I passed the gentlemen at the lodge; I am sorry to have missed them."

"Of course you are," cried the irrepressible younger, "but you will be glad to hear that we did your part handsomely—gave them tea, cooled them down, lent the young man a book, and stuck a flower in the old one's buttonhole."

"Silly child!" But even Lady Margaret smiled a fond rebuke. There were few people who could resist winsome Margaret—least of all Margaret's mother. She hal, however, a word apart with her elder daughter presently.

"This Mr. Bertram, I suppose you really did approve of him?"

"There was nothing to disapprove."

"He seemed a gentleman?"

"Oh, yes, a gentleman."

"Well, my dear?"

"Well, mamma, there is nothing more to say."

"Then I shall ask him to dinner at once."

"Ask him as soon as you like; only—"

"Have you anything whatever against the man?" demanded Lady Margaret, impatiently. "Why can you not be open about it if you have? You may surely speak to me, confide in me."

"I have nothing to confide, and I have nothing against Mr. Bertram whatever—only Margaret is so young and silly." Margaret's mother understood in an instant.

"She might just try to make a fool of the poor man for the fun of it," proceeded the elder sister, now that the ice was broken. "You know how heedless she is. She calls him a 'youth,' but he is older than she, at any rate. And I could not help fancying once or twice that I saw him looking at her. Mamma, it would be a shame to run any risk of turning that poor curate's head; and yet to say anything to Margaret—" and finally a plan of campaign was arranged.

By the end of the summer Bertram had become quite an *habitué* of the house, firmly established in the good graces of all, and, as her daughters had predicted, a special favorite with his hostess.

"Yes, I thought you would like him," observed the vicar complacently, one day. "An excellent fellow, and I throw him into his work like a man. The only fault I have to complain of—if it be a fault, Lady Margaret—is that Bertram does not seem to know what relaxation is! I have suggested his taking a holiday more than once; or even a day or two off, but he does not see it at all. He will be invaluable to me as the winter comes on; the people adore him already; and I am grateful to you for all the kindness he has met with at Garfords."

"Indeed, Mr. Bertram is quite an acquisition," rejoined Lady Margaret, briskly. "He has come out so wonderfully of late; and though we really do not see very much of him, that only proves that he is, very properly, too much engaged in parish work to have time for dawdling in ladies' drawing-rooms. When we do see Mr. Bertram, he is always welcome."

"A good preacher, too, I think, Lady Margaret?"

"A remarkably good preacher, Mr. Fairclough." ("A great deal better preacher than you are yourself," reflected the lady, inwardly. She did not overrate her vicar's powers in that respect.)

"And a good reader, I think you will also allow?"

"The best reader we have ever had," said Lady Margaret, with animation.

"I am delighted with your approval," said the vicar, rising. "Your judgment was all that I needed to confirm my own. We have got a treasure, and I only hope we shall keep him. Bertram dines with you to-night, he tells me?"

"To meet my future son-in-law, Captain Satterthwaite," said Lady Margaret, shaking hands. "Captain Satterthwaite has just returned from a voyage, and comes to us to-night; and as the young people have not met for some time, I thought it would be more agreeable to have one other gentleman present, so that Margaret and I should not be quite neglected," with a smile. "The marriage will take place, we hope, next month."

"Who is to be there?" cried Bertram, with almost a shout, when, in the course of the next hour, the name of Lady Margaret's other guest was casually let fall by his superior.

The tone of his voice recalled something to Mr. Fairclough's ear, and pondering upon it afterward, he knew what that something was: it was the laugh which had startled him out of his equanimity on the lawn at Garfords five months before.

Since then he had, it is true, grown to recognize the fact that Bertram could laugh, even to anticipate with a pleasurable emotion the response which a droll anecdote or lively narration was sure to call forth when the pensive curate was off his guard—when he could be, as it were, surprised into mirth. But Mr. Fairclough had always felt that it required himself as instigator to produce the genial spark. Bertram's present animation was a puzzle not to be solved by a somewhat elaborate and incoherent explanation.

"He is a very good fellow, but certainly he is rather a queer fellow at times," muttered the vicar to himself.

Still queer would he have thought the young man could he have peeped into the curate's dressing-room as the evening hours drew on.

(Continued next week.)

THE Brazilian Admiral Da Gama, who was leading an insurrection in the Southern provinces, finding his cause lost, has committed suicide.

THREE adventurous sailors, deserters from an American bark at Honolulu, stole President Dole's yacht and had started for Mexico with it, when they stranded on a reef, and were all captured.

SUMMER HOMES AND TOURS.

A beautifully illustrated book—list of over 3,000 summer hotels and boarding houses in Catskill Mountains and Central New York. Send six cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, Genl. Estn. Passr. Agt. West Shore R. R., 303 Broadway, New York, or free upon application.

STORIES ABOUT PUBLIC MEN.

THE Democrats in the House of Representatives who hold over are dreading the return of Speaker Reed to the chair. Mr. Reed was so unpopular with the members of the Democratic party on the floor that they would not vote to pass the usual resolution of thanks at the end of his term. This case was not without precedent. In the Twenty-fifth Congress the House refused to give a vote of thanks to Speaker Polk. The motion was made, and the first name called on the roll was that of John Quincy Adams. He voted in the negative emphatically. A great many speeches were made during the roll-call criticizing Mr. Polk's conduct as Speaker. Mr. Polk was as offensive a partisan as Mr. Reed. Mr. Reed's rulings have been vindicated in most cases and the Democratic party was forced to adopt the odious "Reed rules" in order to do business. But this does not endear Mr. Reed to the members of that party any the more. They hate him cordially, often unreasonably.

Mr. Reed returns hate for hate. He used to sit in the Speaker's chair while the Democrats were denouncing him on all sides and survey the scene as calmly, to all appearances, as though he had no interest in the matter. But inwardly he was boiling. He felt especially bitter against Representative Rogers of Arkansas, who was very intemperate in his abuse of the Speaker. One day a friend of Mr. Reed went to the desk to speak to him while Mr. Rogers was denouncing the Chair. Mr. Reed sat smiling at Mr. Rogers and making no outward sign of annoyance. But as his friend came within easy earshot, Mr. Reed said in a low voice: "—— him!" The curse was directed evidently against Mr. Rogers. Mr. Reed's self-control was something admirable. But he suffered for it in secret. His best friends said that he used to do great damage to the pillows at night as he lay in bed and reviewed the events of the day. Doubtless one of these pillows figured as the offending head of Rogers of Arkansas.

Mr. Reed will not have Mr. Rogers to annoy him at the next Congress, nor will he have Mr. Springer of Illinois, who annoyed him quite as much. Mr. Reed was tempted frequently to have the Sergeant-at-Arms subdue Mr. Rogers and Mr. Springer with the mace, and no doubt he would have had them expelled from the hall by force if he had had the authority. I called on Mr. Reed one evening during his term as Speaker. The question of cloture was under consideration, and Mr. Reed had found in the report of the proceedings of the House of Commons (which he studies as closely as he does the Congressional Record) the report of a debate in which a member of the House had inadvertently addressed the Chair out of order. The Speaker had called the attention of the member to the nature of his offense, and a very formal dialogue had followed, in which the member humbly begged the pardon of the presiding officer for his parliamentary crime. Mr. Reed read this dialogue aloud to me, and at the end of each sentence in the apology of the offending member he would stop and say: "Now, doesn't that sound like Springer?" "Isn't that like Rogers?" and so on.

John Quincy Adams, who opposed the resolution of thanks to Mr. Polk, was a good fighter himself and a very stubborn man. He made a sturdy fight for the right of petition when some people sent him an anti-slavery document to present to the House. His contention was that every petitioner had a right to lay his views before Congress. During the controversy over this point, the *National Intelligencer*, the principal paper of Washington, if not the only one, misspelled Mr. Adams's name. He wrote a characteristic letter to the editor in protest. "I think that *National Intelligencer* has printed enough libels about me to be able to spell my name," he said.

It is not often that a public man's name is misspelled in the newspapers, though there is a general tendency to spell the name of McMillin of Tennessee "McMillan."

It happens not infrequently, though, that men of the same name are confused in illustrations. This happened a great many times in the last Administration. There were two members of the Cabinet named Foster—John W. Foster of Indiana, the Secretary of State, and Charles Foster of Ohio, the Secretary of the Treasury. It happened a great many times when Mr. Foster of Indiana was in office that his portrait was printed over a story about Charles Foster. And since John W. Foster went to Japan to aid in bringing about an understanding between the peace envoys of China and Japan, the mistake has been repeated a great many times.

The two members of the Jones family in the Senate have been the subjects of frequent misunderstandings. Mr. Jones of Arkansas has figured in the comic prints as Mr. Jones of Nevada, and vice versa. Mr. Mitchell of Oregon used to find himself confused with Mr. Mitchell of Pennsylvania a few years ago. Now he is mistaken for Mitchell of Wisconsin quite as frequently. Mr. Gibson of Louisiana and Mr. Gibson of Maryland, Mr. White of Louisiana and Mr. White of California were confused when they served together in the Senate. It was so easy for the illustrator who had a demand for a picture of Senator White to pick up the first picture of "Senator White" which came to hand without thinking that there were two Senators of that name.

One of the Senators I have just named was discussing with me recently the assaults made on the Treasury by office-seekers and office-holders, and he recalled an experience which he had at the last session of Congress with a man from his own State. This man came to him with a request that he have a paragraph inserted in one of the appropriation bills making an appropriation for a new office in the Library of Congress. The Librarian was willing to recommend the appointment of a laborer: the salary would be small, and there would be probably very little objection to the appropriation in either House or Senate. The Senator said: "Why, you could not work for so small a salary as that. You could not afford to." The applicant was quite certain that he could. So the Senator agreed to recommend the appropriation and the office was created. The Senator's constituent was appointed to the new place. Almost as soon as the place had been created, the new officeholder came to the Senator to get an increase of salary from Congress. He said that the other people who were doing like work in the Library received twice as much money as he. Besides, he could not live on so small a

salary. The Senator exploded promptly. "You told me that this salary would satisfy you, when I said that it would not," he said. "Now you can get what you have or you can get out of Washington as soon as you please. I will make it my particular business to see that there is no increase made for your particular office. The office-holder is still drawing the small salary. But he is not fond of the Senator who holds him down to it.

Office-holding creates a race of beggars—men and women who are hounding Congress continually for an increase of salary or an extra month's pay or an allowance of some kind for "extra work" done during regular office hours. Office-holding as a rule is destructive of pride and ambition. No one who knows anything of Washington would recommend to a young man of any ability or any intelligence to go into the Government service. When Salmon P. Chase came to Washington in 1826, only eighteen years of age, his uncle, Dudley Chase, was a member of the Senate. The nephew thought that it would be a fine thing to hold a clerkship under the Government; but Uncle Dudley objected. "I will give you the money to buy a slave," he is reported to have said, "but I will not help you to get a position under the Government." Uncle Dudley was very fond of farming, and this may account in part for his offer to his nephew. But his advice was undoubtedly good. Young Chase established a classical school, studied law in his leisure moments and eventually went to Cincinnati to practice before the Bar. He became a United States Senator and afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He might have been a chief of Division in one of the departments but for his uncle's good sense.

Tom Corwin, the famous Ohioan who was Secretary of the Treasury under Fillmore, was violently opposed to office-holding. He practiced it, but he preached against it constantly. Whenever an applicant appealed to him personally he would try very earnestly to persuade him to give up his ambition. "I can appoint you to-day," he would say, "but how do you know that I won't kick you out to-morrow? And there is a man at the White House who can kick me out to-day if he wishes. By and by the people may kick him out. A man who owns an acre of land is a sovereign; a man who draws a Government salary is a slave."

It is of record that a Western poetess obtained an appointment to office by sending poems to a United States Senator at intervals. Her reward was greater than that of the "bard of Shanty Hill" who sought a pension poetically. This Western poetess bombarded the Senator with poetry until he wrote to her: "From the evidence at hand I would say that you were not intended to be a poet; perhaps Providence designed you for an office-holder. Come on; and I will get an appointment for you."

People who are fond of ridiculing the Civil Service Commission's way of distributing offices are often found quoting the "ridiculous" questions which are put to applicants. The ridiculous answers do not often get into print. The Commission has a sense of humor and it passes the papers of the man who wrote in answer to the question "How many soldiers did England send over in the Revolutionary War?" "A d—d sight more than ever came back." An applicant for a position in the Treasury Department had to answer the question: "How far is the moon from the earth?" He wrote in reply: "Not near enough to affect the functions of a Treasury clerk." He passed.

There are going to be some amusing scenes at the Capitol next December when the "new members" arrive. It always takes a new member of the House a month or two to get "broken in." Many of the men who are coming here next winter have never seen Washington before. They are wholly-unaccustomed to Congressional ways. Some of them were put up as candidates in districts the Republicans had no idea of gaining and the nominations were thought to be merely complimentary. When these men find themselves full-fledged members of the House they will hardly know what to do with themselves. There are always funny scenes at the opening of a Congress. The banner story about a new member was the one told about Mr. Niedringhaus of Missouri a few years ago. Mr. Niedringhaus is a wealthy manufacturer of tinware who started in life without a dollar. He is a fine business man, but he had never been in politics before he came to Washington and he was not familiar with the leaders of the two parties. When he was introduced to Senator Hiscott, therefore, it was not surprising that Mr. Niedringhaus should say: "Glad to meet you, Senator. What State are you from?" But the inquiry pained the Senator deeply.

There is a New York newspaper which has cultivated the habit of flooding the Capital with reporters on the first day of the session so as to interview "everybody" on some topic of general interest. I saw a telegram from the proprietor of this paper once instructing his representative here to "interview all the members of the Cabinet and of Congress about Cleveland's marriage." When the army of reporters from New York reaches Washington on the first day of the session there is a possibility of putting misinformation into circulation which is simply appalling. A sample of the work done by these reporters is found in the interview one of them had with Senator Gorman just after that gentleman had piloted the Democratic party to success in a national campaign. "What's the name?" said this reporter, stopping in front of the Maryland Senator's desk with note-book in hand. "Gorman," said the Senator, a smile lurking in the corners of his mouth. "State?" said the reporter. "Maryland." "What party do you belong to?" Then the Senator got up and walked away.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THE Alpine Tunnel on the South Park Road in Colorado, said to be the highest in the world, and which has been snowed up for five years, was reopened recently.

CALIFORNIA is carefully stocking all her lakes and rivers with the best kinds of game fish from the Eastern States.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures jaundice, whether arising from nothing or other causes. An old and well-tempered remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

BAR HARBOR AND MOUNT DESERT

L.D.A. CHURCHILL

"Fall softly, blossoms of the century tree!
Long would we keep our isle's historic fame;
Teach thy blue waves to whisper, plaintively,
St. Sauveur's ancient name."

ONLY a wooden cross, small, unlettered, blackened by the years, roughened by the salt ocean air, decayed by the mists and winds of the sea. Only two crossed arms of plain, unpolished wood, marking a grave over which long grasses lie, and blackberry vines cling in the wild, untrimmed luxuriance of utter neglect. Only a wooden cross, and yet in gardens of the dead wonderfully enriched by wealth, and carefully cared for by hands rendered willing by much gold, many a costly marble shaft tells to its beholder a tale far less rich in meaning and suggestion than is learned by him who follows out the history of these crossed arms of pine.

It is more than probable that Red Eric and his Vik-

encounter on this unknown coast some serious danger, put into harbor on shore of Mt. Desert, where they decided to establish their colony, giving it, in gratitude for their safe delivery from the perils of the winds and seas, the name of St. Sauveur. Many are the indications that what is now known as Fernald's Point, at Southwest Harbor, is the spot where these wanderers planted their homes.

The Jesuit Fathers never for an hour forgot or neglected the work whereunto they were called, and labored among the "red heathen" with such power and persuasion that many an Indian heart became softened by the story of the God-man, and many a dusky face was bowed in prayer that the white man's Saviour and the immaculate Mother of Jesus would give to the dwellers of the forest shades their love and protection. The great chief, Asticou, became as a little child in the hands of Father Biard, and by him received the rite of baptism.

It is not known exactly how long this colony was in existence; probably not longer than a year or two. An enemy, rapacious as Captain Kidd and cruel as Caligula, bore down upon it and swept it from the land as a settlement.

James Argall, one of the boldest and worst of the early navigators, who had attached himself to the Jamestown colony, came to the coast of Maine on a fishing expedition. Notwithstanding the fact that the French and English were at this time at peace with each other, this unauthorized pirate took it upon himself to dislodge the Jesuit colony, of which he had learned from the Indians. He attacked the place with musketry, and although the surprised French tried to defend themselves with two small vessels which they had in harbor, and a slight entrenchment on land, they were soon overpowered. At Argall's second discharge Du Thet was mortally wounded, and two young men, Lemoine and Neveau, were drowned. La Saussaye fled to the woods. The remainder of the French, including the two priests, were taken as prisoners to Virginia, their pillaged goods being borne away in the same ship with them.

In 1688 Mt. Desert and its neighborhood were granted by the French to a man named Cadillic, who, however, never visited his property. When Acadia was finally relinquished to England, Massachusetts gave the island to Governor Bernard as a reward for his services, but as this gentleman, when the Revolution broke out, remained true to King George, the estate was confiscated. Half of it, however, was afterward restored to Bernard's son, who had become a staunch Whig.

Meanwhile M. Bartholomew Gregoire and his wife, Maria Theresa, who was the great-granddaughter of the original grantee, revived the claim of Cadillic, and it was allowed. The petitioners were naturalized, and given a quit-claim deed of the interest held by Massachusetts in the island, which was one-half of it, reserving to actual settlers lots of one hundred acres each.

A large brick house at Hull's Cove, some two miles



BAR HARBOR.

ing sailors were the first to behold Mt. Desert, for its peaks can be seen sixty miles out to sea. It forms a part of the ancient Acadia, for the possession of which England and France were for more than a hundred and thirty years at war with each other.

The French founded their claim on the discovery of this coast by Verazzano, in 1524; on the discovery and occupancy of Canada by Cartier, in 1535, and on the grant to the De Monts, in 1603. The English claim was based upon the discovery of Cabot, in 1497; upon the occupancy of Newfoundland by Gilbert, in 1533; by the subsequent voyages and landings of Gosnold, Pring and Weymouth and others, and by the charter to the Popham colony in 1606, and the occupancy of the soil by that colony in 1607.

In 1603 Henry IV. of France granted to his "well-beloved Sieur de Monts" this territory of Acadia, all of what is now known as New England and the Maritime Provinces of Canada. This nobleman, having fitted out two vessels, started in March, 1604, with the French navigator Champlain as a guide, to take possession of his new territory. After discovering the St. John River, and establishing his winter quarters at the mouth of the St. Croix, he sent Champlain on an exploring expedition along the further coast. It was during this cruise that the bold skipper sailed along the shores of Mt. Desert, and, struck by the desolate grandeur of the spot, gave it the name of "Ile des Monts Deserts."

In 1607 Champlain and De Monts returned to France, having claimed the whole of the explored region in the name of their sovereign. The De Monts transferred the grant of land given them to Mme. de Guerchville, and the transfer was confirmed by the King.

When Henry IV. died, and his Queen-mother reigned in his stead, her Majesty, fired by religious zeal, encouraged Mme. de Guerchville—who, being herself an ardent Catholic, was easily persuaded—to send a colony over to Acadia that the "red heathen" who inhabited the wild territory might be converted. Accordingly a well-equipped vessel was dispatched under the command of M. de la Souysse, which carried on board the Jesuits Quantin and Du Thet. The ship was to come to harbor at Port Royal—near Annapolis, N. B.—and then proceed to Pentagoet. The plan thus far was carried out, but the expedition became bewildered by fogs, and fearing to



HOTEL LOUISBURG.

from Bar Harbor proper, now stands upon the spot where was reared the home of one of exceedingly brave heart and exquisite nature.

When Maria Theresa Gregoire stepped upon the shore of Mt. Desert from the vessel which bore her from her native land, a heroine was born to America, though her heroism has been recorded in no startling deed or blazoned story. From the land of soft skies, of land-locked, laughing lakes, and rivers which sparkle in the sun, and in the shadows move silently on; from a people whose natural attitude toward life is one long recognition of its gladness; to whom refinement is the breath of life, and beauty of environment a thing too natural a subject to be thought about; from the gay boulevards of Paris and the sunny domains of the vintage-gatherers of the land of vines, she came, to an island stern in its might of mountains, shrouded in its thick mantle of towering trees in whose thickets the white man's dusky foe made frequent ambush, on whose shore of jagged rocks, when the storm-winds arose, the white-capped, curling surges beat with a sound like that of deepest thunder, and against which vessels were tossed into splinters as a child's fragile toy is broken by falling; whose solitude was relieved only by wild beasts in the near forests, and the presence of scattered fishermen who had, in braving the fierceness of driven waters and the wild moods of the sea, caught and retained upon their faces something of that sternness which Nature wears in her terrible aspects, moulded into their speech and manner something expressive of the hardihood required to meet the forces before which they fought for their hardly earned existence. But the gifted daughter of France was not confounded, and turned not back from a land whose desolation neither her imagination nor the high-sounding words which made it her abiding



EAGLE LAKE.

place had given any hint. The plain house was reared, within whose walls the graces of a softer land abounded, and the refinements of a more polished country held sway. This home became a sort of temple to the fishermen, who recognized in its atmosphere something different from that of their own rude cots, and in the kindly, soft-voiced matron who was its presiding genius, and the children who went in and out of its doors, something of fairer features and finer mold than their own strong-limbed, sun-browned, loud-toned wives and little ones. For long years a goddess was enthroned among these simple folk, and to her they gave true homage and appreciation. It was a sad day when, in 1810, the first lady of Bar Harbor was laid in that grave over which the blackberry vines clambered, and which is marked by that blackened wooden cross.

The first man who permanently settled on the island was Abraham Somes, Jr., who, in 1762, brought his



MARIA THERESA GREGOIRE'S GRAVE.

family in a boat to the head of the sound which bears his name, where he made a home for them. One after another a few settlers came to the place, and here and there ship-building industries were established. When the Revolution broke out, from their far-scattered homes in the forest and along the shore, there gathered, as one clan, for their country's defense, a handful of as brave men as ever faced death in fighting for liberty.

For years the island remained for the most part a solitary place, with miles of forests whose mazes were untraversed save by moccasined feet between its homes, its land uncleared, its future undreamed of. But artists, weary of the commonplace, and seeking realms where their pencils might sketch fresh scenes, found out this sea-washed, mountain-guarded spot, and bore back on their canvases to dwellers in towns glimpses of its beauty and its sternness, and now and then a world-worn, brain-spent man, tired of human faces and human demands, would steal away for a season to seek the island's solitude, the stimulant of its salt breezes, the iron of its hills.

The first hotel erected at Bar Harbor was the Harbor House, which was built previous to 1850, and stood near its present location. It was patronized mostly by artists and transient guests from Bangor. At this time the steamer "Lewiston" landed passengers and freight between the months of June and September. Captain Deering himself superintended the building of the first steamboat wharf. The Deering House was erected in 1858.

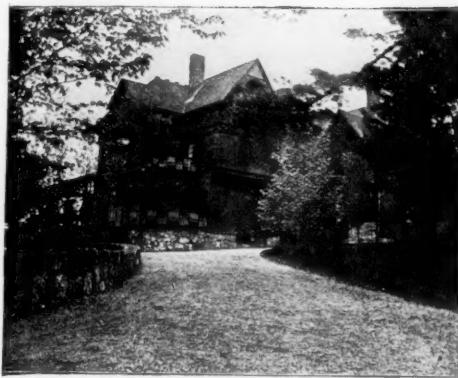
The first non-resident to build a cottage here was Mr. Alpheus Hardy of Boston, who bought, in 1868, its site from Stephen Higgins for three hundred dollars. The Weld and Minot lots were soon after purchased for twenty-five hundred dollars, and the Ogden property, at Cromwell's Harbor (now the George Vanderbilt estate) was bought about the same time.

From this period it seemed as though Bar Harbor did not grow, but simply was, as though it had been raised out of the sea by a magician's wand. Before the woodman's ax the great trees were constantly falling to make space for villas and hotels. Fashion had put its powerful stamp of approval upon the spot, and forthwith gold was poured out in unstinted showers for the raising and adorning of summer homes which no place in the United States, except Newport, can rival. The cost of these cottages ranges from ten to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.



SHORE PATH.

ONCE A WEEK.



STANWOOD.

Eden Street, with its branches, is essentially a street of cottages, about a hundred being built along this thoroughfare. Along the beautiful eastward shore leading to Duck Brook one passes the "Barnacles" and "Bagatelle," both the property of Edward Pendleton, author of "A Conventional Bohemian," "One Woman's Way," and other books. A little farther on is a delightful little villa, "Sea Urchins," the home of the New York author, Mrs. Burton Harrison, who gave to the world "Bar Harbor Days," "The Angloamericans," and "Flower de Hundred." "Steepways," on a height which doubtless suggested its name, stands to the left of Eden Street, and is the home of the celebrated New York surgeon, Dr. William Tod Helmuth, and not far from this is the cottage of Professor George Harris. One of the most magnificent pieces of architecture here is "Mizzentop," the villa of Mrs. Hunt, the widow of the artist, William M. Hunt. Many other costly residences appear on this avenue.

A cottage which every stranger asks to have pointed out to him is "Stanwood," on Highbrook Street, one of the two roads opening from Eden; a house comparatively simple, and having no special architectural beauty, but where lived one of her sons of whom Maine was most proud—the "Plumed Knight" of her love and her hopes. Mr. Blaine christened the cottage "Stanwood" in honor of Mrs. Blaine, who, before her marriage, bore this name.

Near "Stanwood" is Mossley Hall, the home of the Chicago railroad magnate, W. R. Howard. On Kebo Street are homes which are dreams of architecture, poems in wood and stone. Nearly all of these villas were designed by De Grasse Fox of Philadelphia. Among them "Dutch Cottage" is the one most generally admired. The mansion of Morris K. Jessup of New York is very imposing. "Devilstone," on the Bay Shore Path, which was built by Mrs. Bowler, and occupied one year by William K. Vanderbilt, and is now the property of J. T. Woodward of New York, is a very tasteful and homelike-looking estate. Probably the finest and most expensive mansion here is that of Mr. Kennedy, the New York banker—a long, irregular stone villa, standing in broad and magnificent grounds which slope down to the Bay Shore Path.

It will give an idea of the remarkable rise in the value of real estate when we say that fourteen years ago a lot forty acres, including a shore front, was sold for twenty-five hundred dollars, and at the present time twenty-five thousand dollars an acre is considered a small price, and in some instances a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars has been paid for a particularly desirable site of one acre.

The natives of the island, vitalized by the new state of affairs, exhibit better conditions of living, improved farming, handsomer houses, better school facilities, and more amusement.

It surely will not be amiss in this "woman's century" to mention that the best hotel at Bar Harbor is owned and controlled by a woman—Miss M. L. Balch of Boston, who, aided by her exceedingly efficient and gentlemanly manager, Mr. J. Albert Butler (who assists in the management of the Hotel Brunswick, in Boston, in winter), gives the Louisburg a character peculiarly its own. In every one of its spacious rooms are traces of a woman's thought and touch. Its delicate lace and muslin curtains, its prettily ornamented dressing-cases, its artistically arranged furniture, the jars of exquisitely assorted flowers and vases of maiden's hair ferns on the tables; in the quality and dainty flavors of the viands which in the handsome dining hall are served with so much grace by the sable-skinned, black-garbed, white-gloved attendants,—in every detail is proclaimed that "a woman is at the bottom of it." The house is thoroughly fitted with modern conveniences. Everywhere fireplaces gleam, the incandescent light sheds its luster, electric bells are in use, and a passenger

elevator is employed. Every art is engaged to make comfort the reigning goddess, and homeliness the pervading atmosphere, while the lady of the mansion moves among her guests, a cheery and welcome presence, whose society is ever a privilege and a delight.

A call to the excellent livery connected with this house, and a carriage appears in which one may drive to some of the most lovely spots which the great fashioneer, Nature, has produced. The "infinite variety" of Bar Harbor scenery is one of its chief charms. Like Tennyson's brook, one "winds about and in and out," plunging into thickly shaded dingles, fresh with dew and lovely with wood-blossoms; he ascends hillocks where he can in many directions catch glimpses of the sea; he winds up the sides of mountains, he pauses on the borders of the lakes which lie in silver beauty on the plateaus, he travels on the pebbles of the beach, never sated, always interested, and feels with a great heart-throb, as did Hope Devine, in "Hitherto," that "God must have meant it very much."

If the destination of the man who sung about the impossibility of being "carried to the skies on flowered beds of ease" were Bar Harbor, he could now be easily accommodated. The perfectly appointed trains and steamers by which the Boston and Maine and the Maine Central Railroads serve the public are marvels of speed and comfort. One begins his sightseeing the moment he leaves the station, and wonders if it's because beauty of landscape is so universal, or whether the master-builders of these roads were artists and poets, that one can never lay his head for an instant against the comfortable back of his coach seat or his parlor car chair without being aroused by some exclamation of a fellow-traveler concerning wayside delights.

Volumes have been written, and will be written, about this wonderful place; but every heart must tell its story to itself. No tale, however elaborate, will picture its glories aright; no canvas, however glowing, will adequately set forth its beauties. Its location is appropriately in the town of Eden, and it is easy to imagine that like unto it was the garden where the Lord walked "in the cool of the day," and looking around on its enchantments, pronounced his handiwork "good."

SAVING THE CHILDREN.

THE New York Kindergarten Association is an institution with many mothers. The women of New York created it, manage it, support it and inspire it. Its support, by the way, is a modern miracle. With an income, more or less precarious, from dues and donations of a very few thousand dollars, it spends more than twenty thousand dollars a year on the little children of the poor and yet pays its bills and does not run into debt. When the treasury is so empty that a single silver dollar would be gladly wel-

ALFRED BISHOP MASON,
Treasurer of the New York Kindergarten Association.

deft kindness and unflagging love creates the good citizens of to-morrow out of the careless and sometimes criminal children of to-day?

The fifteen kindergartens dot the city from Cherry Street on the south to Seventy-sixth Street on the north. Most of the church-spires of New York rise from amid the residences of the rich, but the kindergarten doors are all open upon the tenement-house districts. The Association fights the devil at close quarters. These doors are all open, too, to visitors throughout the year. The school year is from September 1 to June 30. In two or three cases it is twelve months long. The children come eagerly and go reluctantly. Day by day each of them

HAMILTON W. MABIE,
President of the New York Kindergarten Association.

is a missionary carrying into the dull and squalid homes of the tenement-house whatever lessons of "sweetness and light" Cherry Hill can learn. Indirectly, the kindergartens are muttergartens as well. They teach the child; the children teach the mothers. There is a case on record of a certain Maggie who signalized her first day's attendance by wrapping the school in a cloud of blue blasphemy; who explained, "Mother's always cursin' awful; why shouldn't I?" and who has now banished oaths from her mother's talk as well as from her own.

Most forms of charity hinder rather than help the self-respect which is the basic fact of goodness. Education is one of the few things, perhaps the only thing, which can be given freely without fear of doing harm. It is this which the N. Y. K. A. gives, and only this. Then, too, it catches its children young, very young, at an age when it is comparatively easy to stamp the seal of good citizenship upon the plastic nature. The army of philanthropists who are fighting sin and suffering the world over have come to believe more and more, with each year's grim experience, that wise charity can do almost anything for children, almost nothing for adults. With the vast majority of the latter, the temporary relief of permanent misery seems to be the limit of philanthropy. With children, there are no limits to its possibilities. With the old, it rarely prevents and rarely cures. With the young, it prevents misery and creates careers. Practically every dollar which reaches the N. Y. K. A. treasury is spent entirely for the little children of the poor. There are no salaried officials, no paid collectors, almost no office expenses. Teachers' salaries, nurses' salaries, janitors' salaries, rent of school-rooms, kindergarten supplies—these items practically make up the list of disbursements.

I have heard people say that children learned nothing at such schools; that they had all play and no work; that they lost the power to work, etc. The experience of the world has long since justified the faith of the followers of Froebel, but it may be worth while to quote to these heretics the testimony of many public school teachers in this city, that the "kindergarten children" are "more apt and accurate in their work, brighter and more intelligent in grasping ideas and in understanding directions" than other children are.

This fact has helped the N. Y. K. A. in one of its most important tasks, the making the kindergarten a part of our public school system. Besides founding its own fifteen kindergartens, it has brought about the founding of eight others in connection with the public schools. This work it proposes to push until every one of the city schools has its kindergarten. The Association had to push against the majority of the old Board of Education to get the eight. It hopes to push with the majority of the new Board to get the other eighty or more. It takes as its motto in this respect the official statement of Hon. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education: "In my opinion, the kindergarten should be a part of the public school system in every city in the United States."

For its general work, the Association's motto is Richard Watson Gilder's saying: "Plant a free kindergarten in any quarter of this overcrowded metropolis, and you have begun then and there the work of making better lives, better homes, better citizens and a better city."

Mr. Gilder was its first president; Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie is its second. Mrs. Grover Cleveland was its first vice-president; Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is Mrs. Cleveland's successor. The salvation of the little children of the poor is its first aim, its second aim, the sum of its aims.

ALFRED BISHOP MASON.



THUNDER CAVE.

IT CLINGS TO THE MEMORY.

EVERY one was proud of the great World's Fair; proud because they lived at a time when notwithstanding the great financial depression, when banks and business houses were financially wrecked on every hand—notwithstanding such calamities the citizens of every State gathered together the good, the true, and the beautiful, and made of them a gorgeous pageant that outshone even the splendor of the Caesars with all their ancient Roman pomp and magnificence.

It is worthy of note, too, that in this country where so much effort is devoted to the accumulation of wealth, the nation should pause long enough to build such a magnificent peace offering.

Its memory cannot die with this generation, for every right-minded man or woman will have a souvenir of the event to leave to their descendants.

The Souvenir Spoons offered by the Leonard Mfg. Co., 152-153 Michigan Ave., F. K., Chicago, are genuine souvenirs, and at a price that one can afford to pay.

IN DOUBT.

It is very aggravating at times to be in doubt. You would like to have a certain thing, and you are hovering, mentally, between yes or no, undecided whether to go ahead or stay behind. Judging from the number of readers of *ONCE A WEEK* who have not as yet sent in an order for a set of World's Fair Souvenir Spoons, there are many in doubt. They cannot quite persuade themselves that ninety-nine cents will buy six spoons that were sold formerly for \$9.00. They argue that there must be something peculiar about the offer, that there is a catch somewhere. To those who thus lag behind, it might be well to say that thousands who have bought them have written their thorough appreciation, and express surprise that the spoons are such beauties. They are really better and handsomer than type can explain, and the offer is a genuine one.

DESCRIPTION OF SOUVENIR SPOONS

They are standard after-dinner coffee size, heavily coin-silver plated, with gold plated bowls, each Spoon has a different World's Fair building exquisitely engraved in the bowl, and the handles are finely chased, showing a raised head of Christopher Columbus with the dates 1492-1893, and the words World's Fair City. The set is packed in an elegant plush-lined case. The entire set is sent prepaid for 99 cents, and if not perfectly satisfactory your money will be refunded.

WHY?

The illustration on this page is a photograph of the set of World's Fair Souvenir Spoons offered by the Leonard Mfg. Co., 152-153 Michigan Ave., F. K., Chicago.

The very small sum asked for them, 99 cents, ought to induce every reader to order a set. They are genuine works of art, and make a beautiful collection of souvenirs of the Fair. They are described fully in another paragraph on this page, and thousands of delighted readers have already purchased sets either to commemorate their own visit to the Fair and keep in the family as heirlooms or to give as presents to the younger members of the family as souvenirs of the donor.

The price for six spoons, 99 cents, is a mere trifle when it is considered that the World's Fair was the greatest ever held.

NOTES FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

Fremont, Ind., May 15, '95.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs—Enclosed please find P. O. order, for which send me four sets Sou-

venir Spoons as promised in my letter from you this day received.

Yours respectfully,
MISS IRENE HALL.

P. S.—The spoons arrived all right and are very nice.

Le Mars, Ia., May 14, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen—The set of souvenir spoons arrived and think they are well worth the money you ask for them, and I herewith accept your offer and inclose P. O. order for \$5.94, for which please send me six sets and premium. I think I can dispose of twenty-five or thirty sets.

Yours truly,
MRS. JOHN R. MAYHAR.

Sydney, Cape Breton, N. S., May 13, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sirs—Last winter I received a set

six sets, if the offer will be the same on the last three as the first three.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN BAILEY,
1400 East Walnut Street.

there can be no doubt of the genuine bargain that is offered.

The six spoons in plush-lined case will be sent prepaid on receipt of 99 cents by P. O. or express money order. Do not send individual checks. If you are not satisfied with them the money will be refunded. Address orders plainly:

LEONARD MFG. CO.,
152-153 Michigan Ave., F. K.,
Chicago, Ill.

BISMARCK'S CONDITION.

The announcement that Prince Bismarck's present illness is not dangerous, being the result merely of a prolonged attack of neuralgia, has been received with universal satisfaction. At his advanced age, the least indisposition of the ex-Chancellor is alarming to his friends and awakens the deep solicitude of the old man's countless admirers in all parts of the world. The sufferings he has endured from neuralgic pains in the face for some time past resulted in physical and mental depression, and loss of appetite, symptoms which seemed to indicate a more serious trouble. The latest dispatch from Friedrichsruh, up to the time of going to press, announces a marked improvement in the Prince's condition.

AMERICAN vs. ENGLISH ATHLETES.

YALE COLLEGE has sent her answer to the challenge of Oxford and Cambridge for a contest in track athletics in this country, which has rather surprised the Englishmen. Yale proposes that the three-mile run, seldom tried here, be dropped from the list of events, the English and Yale teams should each be represented by two competitors in every event, and that each team be composed of men who shall have been eligible to compete respectively in the Oxford-Cambridge and Harvard-Yale matches of this year. Respecting these conditions of Yale, Mr. Horan, president of the Cambridge Athletic Club, says:

"The reply was so unexpected that I do not know what to say. The matter must be discussed among our fellows before I can venture to say what they will do. We must also consult with the Oxford men. Parts of Yale's reply are a little ambiguous to me. For instance, they wish to except the three-mile run. If that was agreed to Yale would be expected to substitute something else. I cannot understand Yale challenging both Oxford and Cambridge, and think Yale should have been satisfied with challenging the winner of our games here. The challenge certainly shows that the Yale men are true sportsmen."

MISS VIRGINIA FAIR has been breaking the record of women bicycle riders at Newport. The fashionable course is the Ocean Avenue Drive, where numbers of society women are seen every day on their wheels. Mrs. Henry Clews accomplished the feat of riding its entire length of ten miles in an hour one day last week, and was therefore considered the fastest rider at Newport; but Miss Fair has since beaten the record by five minutes. Miss Fair is a sister of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, with whom she is spending the summer at Newport.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLOON, on the Lake of Geneva, is to be restored and used in future as an historical museum. The State has voted a grant of fourteen thousand francs toward the expenses, and a society for promotion of the work, which has recently been founded, will do the rest. Each member of the society pays a yearly subscription of two francs.

A MEMORIAL bust of Tennyson by Woolner, the poet's intimate friend, has been placed in Westminster Abbey. It was executed originally for Mr. C. Jenner, a Scotch gentleman, who generously presented it to the Abbey. It is a replica of the bust without a beard also by Woolner, which is now in Trinity College, Cambridge.



of your World's Fair Souvenir Spoons and am pleased with them. I send you the order for five more sets.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. M. HARRINGTON.

Marmora, Ont., May 10, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—Enclosed please find 99 cts., for which send one-half dozen Souvenir Spoons, same as you sent before. I will probably send for more later on. They are nice for presents. Please send through post-office.

Yours, etc.,
MISS PHENIE CAMPION.

Lynn, Mass., May 14, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—Received the set of souvenirs spoons and am pleased with them.

Respectfully,
ANNIE E. HIGGINS.

35 Cherry Street.

Lewis, Ia., May 16, 1895.
To the Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—The souvenir spoons came last evening. We are much pleased with them.

Yours truly,
OLIVER MILLS.

Des Moines, Ia., May 16, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—I received my spoons yesterday and was quite well pleased with them. I have shown them to several of my friends, and I will send for three sets in a few days, and probably

Denver, Col., May 15, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Find order for \$5.94, second order for Souvenir Spoons. What premium will you give if I send you order for third set of souvenir?

Yours respectfully,
MRS. J. NESBITT.

735 Nineteenth Avenue.

Du Quoin, Ill., May 15, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—I received the spoons all right and am so well pleased with them I would like another set. Would like to send an order for six sets, but as I am about to leave for the East in a few days, have not the time.

Enclosed please find P. O. order for 99 cents.

Yours truly,
MRS. H. C. BLAKESLEE.

Monmouth, Ill., May 15, 1895.
Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir—I hope to send you an order soon for the six sets of spoons sent to me, and was very much pleased with them.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. JACOB HAYDEN.

The above are all unsolicited words of appreciation. Read the description of spoons on this page. Send us your order, and ninety-nine cents, and if you are not satisfied we will refund your money. Address Leonard Mfg. Co., 152-153 Michigan Ave., F. K., Chicago.

SUMMARY.

If the reader will glance over the "Description of the Souvenir Spoons"

ONCE A WEEK.

RECOLLECTIONS OF COLONEL MOSBY.

N the latter part of July, 1863, the Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, passed through Loudon County, Virginia. It was slowly following General Lee, who was returning to his former position on the Rappahannock before starting on the campaign that ended at Gettysburg. Nearly all of Meade's cavalry were in his front; he evidently expected them to keep the Southern cavalry so busy that they would have none to spare to send in his rear. I had been operating in the counties along the Potomac for several months with a small partisan band of twenty-five or thirty men. As the tide of invasion rolled on toward the South, we turned our faces to the North. It swept on resolutely, and almost unopposed, until it reached the Rappahannock where General Lee once more, with his glorious army of "tattered uniforms and bright muskets," had halted to oppose it. Here for several weeks the two hostile armies faced North and South, each waiting for the other to take the initiative. As Meade moved toward the Rappahannock we started once more in quest of adventure along the Potomac.

The Eleventh Corps, commanded by General Carl Schurz, was bringing up the rear of the Army of the Potomac. It was greatly reduced in numbers, having been badly shattered in the first day's combat at Gettysburg. For several days the corps camped about Mountsville, in Loudon County, a rich pastoral region. General Schurz had his headquarters at the house of a friend of mine, Mr. Franklin Carter. On the day after he had settled down, and his soldiers were enjoying a rest after their long marches, I found myself with my men one morning in his rear, and immediately on his line of march from the Potomac. Pretty soon we had caught forty-five prisoners, and three heavily loaded sutler's wagons. The sutlers had just crossed over the river and were going on to overtake the corps that was in camp at Mountsville. They had all kinds of luxuries to supply the wants and make glad the hearts of the weary soldiers—refreshments of every kind, both liquid and solid. The wagons were driven off a mile or so in the woods on the banks of Goose Creek. There was nothing mean about my men; they generously shared the contents of the wagons with the prisoners. The sutlers themselves even partook of our hospitality, and seemed to enjoy eating their canned goods and drinking their own wine with as much cheer as if they were doing it at our expense. A large portion of the Eleventh Corps were Germans, and the sutlers had provided a supply of fine Rhine wines. I had been raised on a farm in the country—"far from the madding crowd"—and had never seen any Rhine wine before. It has always since been my favorite wine. For an hour or so we had a high jinks; then Tom Lake, with an escort of five men, was sent with the prisoners off to Culpepper. We then again started out to hunt for more game. No doubt Schurz had gotten very thirsty and wanted a glass of Rhine wine; so he, too, with his staff and a guard of infantry, went back to see what had become of his sutlers. I was riding some distance in advance of the main body of my men in company with "Major" Hibbs, his son John, and a member of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry, named Flynn, when suddenly where the road made a sharp turn we ran against several Union officers. There was dense thicket on both sides of the road and neither party saw the other until our horses' heads nearly came in contact. We yelled and charged; the officers fell back a short distance on the regiment which was just behind them. Flynn and the two Hibbs were a short distance in front of me and dashed after the men in blue. They had not gone more than fifty yards before they got a volley from the infantry which none of us had seen. Flynn was riding a fine cream-colored horse that fell dead and pinned him to the ground; Hibbs' (junior) horse was also killed, but he got away and hid in the bushes. I remember the first words "Major" Hibbs spoke to me when he came back were, "I believe they have killed John." Fortunately John lived to fight another day. Flynn now lives at Warrenton, Va. Of course we scampered away. It was General Schurz' staff that we had met and the General—who was bent on getting some of that Rhine wine before it was all gone—deployed his men as skirmishers through the woods and finally found the wagons. He got the fragments of the feast. But what he got cost him nothing, at least he never paid us. The sutlers had gone on to Richmond and Schurz appropriated the derelict. Mr. Carter has often told me of the excitement at the headquarters when Schurz got back. As he did not understand Dutch, he could not tell what all the hubbub and chattering was about; he suspected that he had had an adventure of some sort.

Two days afterward when I thought that all was quiet, I tried my luck again on Schurz. After dark we passed around his camps and went into what is known as the "Quaker" settlement in Loudon. I had heard that General Schurz was foraging there and I would have a chance to catch his trains. The Quakers had always been abolitionists and were Union men. I was getting something to eat at the house of a Quaker named Sam Brown when we heard the rumbling of a wagon-train coming from the direction of Mountsville. We instantly mounted and went after it. It had stopped at the house of a Quaker who had plenty of corn which he was anxious to exchange for greenbacks. The train was overhauled, the mules unhitched and the loaded wagons left standing in the road. Before daybreak we had gotten to a place of safety in the Bull Run Mountains. As the foraging train did not come back to camp, General Le Duc (afterward Commissioner of Agriculture), the Quartermaster of the Eleventh Corps, sent out a scouting party to find them. They found the wagons in the road, but the teams all gone. Then Le Duc had to send more mules to have them brought in. But General Schurz was not satisfied with getting his wagons back—he wanted to punish somebody for the loss of his mules. So he ordered the arrest of all the Quakers that lived in the vicinity of the place where the depredation was committed. The guardhouse was filled to overflowing with the broadbrims. It was a pretty strong case of circumstantial evidence against the Quakers. The wagons had been captured right among them; no one had seen us come inside the lines and nobody had seen us go out. Here was the *corpus delicti*—and

here were the Quakers. Eugene Aram was hung on evidence not half as strong as that. The only missing link in the chain of proof against them was that they were not in possession of the mules. These had all mysteriously disappeared in the night without even leaving their footprints to tell which way they had gone. The well-known loyalty of the Quakers to the Union cause was, no doubt, a powerful argument in their favor. The Quakers were acquitted of the charge of having stolen Le Duc's mules.

During Hayes's Administration and on one occasion when I was in Washington, a young lady from Virginia came to see me and said that she was trying to get a clerkship under the Commissioner of Agriculture and that he had asked her if she knew any one who would recommend her. She told him that she knew me. "Very well," said Le Duc, "if he will recommend you, I will appoint you." Of course I did, and she got the place. I then called to see Le Duc and he told me that those were his mules I had captured in the Quaker Settlement. The next time I met General Schurz after this adventure was in the Capitol when he was United States Senator from Missouri. Some years ago I met in San Francisco, at the Occidental Hotel during the Grand Army encampment, a colonel from Ohio. He first introduced himself to me and then introduced me to his wife. The story that he had to tell was as follows: He was the Quartermaster in charge of the train we captured in the Quaker Settlement and started off as a prisoner in company with the mules. He rode by my side and we chatted together a good deal, and what was particularly impressed upon his mind was that I handed him my canteen, from which he drank some of the best whiskey he had ever tasted. About daybreak he saw a chance to give me the slip, and being mounted on a fast horse, darted out of the column and was soon far away. When he was flying through the air like an arrow which is now in his thigh. It seemed to do him so much good to tell the story to his comrades, and his wife was so proud of him, that I did not have the heart to tell her there was not a word of truth in it. It made him the hero of the hour. Probably he now draws a pension for this imaginary wound. Not a shot was fired by any one that night. I never carried a canteen of any kind of liquor in my life, as I never drank it. The tables came very nearly being turned on me the next day and I was only indebted to my good luck for my escape.

We had been in the saddle for almost twenty-four hours continuously without getting a moment's sleep. After getting out to a point of comparative safety, as I thought, one of my men, Fount Beattie, and myself went off in the woods to take a nap. We lay down just under a ledge of rocks and were soon sound asleep. A body of Union cavalry had stopped to search a farmer's house a few hundred yards off and some of them had dispersed through the woods, looking for horses which they supposed might be concealed there. A cavalryman saw our horses standing tied to a tree, but could not see us, as we were concealed by the ledge of rocks. As he rode up to us I was awakened by the noise and jumped up. He had already discovered us and was in the act of leveling his pistol when I fired; he wheeled and ran. In a second after I awoke, Beattie was on his feet and gave him a parting shot as he galloped off to join his friends. When he got to the gentleman's house (Hathaway's) he said that the woods were full of guerrillas who had fired on him. My bullet had struck his horse in the forehead and glanced off without killing him. Beattie had struck him behind and the ball lodged in a blanket that was rolled up and strapped to his saddle. The whole body of cavalry was then deployed through the woods, but Beattie and I had gone.

JNO. S. MOSBY.

A SHORT STORY.

A SHORT story should open with a strong period and end with a striking exclamation point.

Thus spoke Ernest Masterson to his friend

John Kane one evening not many weeks ago, as they sat before an open fire in the former's bachelor apartment and chatted about literary topics. Masterson had begun to make a name for himself as a writer of weird, artistic tales, patterned on French models. Those who admired his work the most went so far as to call him "the Guy de Maupassant of America."

"Come, come, Ernest," remarked Kane, soothingly. "I have been at fault. You must stop talking about your work. The doctor told me I could spend the evening with you only on condition that I kept your mind away from exciting topics."

"Well, this question of short-story writing is not likely to bring on my fever again," returned Masterson, stubbornly. "Your sacrifice of an evening in my company is of value to me because for the first time in weeks I have been able to talk with a sympathetic spirit about matters that are of interest to us both."

They sat silent for a few moments. In the flickering light of the fire Masterson's strong face seemed ghostly pale and his eyes gleamed with abnormal brilliancy. His black hair, tousled from the restless tossing of his head on his wearisome pillow, made the pallor of his face seem all the more marked.

"Let me illustrate my meaning, Jack," he began, with feverish enthusiasm. "Now, for instance, suppose I began a short story with a sentence like this: 'Robert Sanders had reluctantly determined to commit suicide.' You see that awakens the curiosity of even the most jaded reader of fiction. Robert Sanders at once becomes a personage possessing a peculiar attraction, not only to the thoughtless consumer of short stories, but to the deeper thinker who is interested in psychological problems."

"Yes," commented Kane, gently, hoping to quiet the sick man's mood by humorizing his fancy. "I acknowledge that I would feel inclined to read a story that began with that pregnant sentence."

"I am sure you would, Jack," went on the author, enthusiastically. "You see, the curiosity of the reader is awakened in two ways. The fact that Sanders had determined to make away with himself is, of itself, interesting, and then again that word 'reluctantly' implies a great deal that is mysteriously suggestive to the thoughtful reader. It is not sufficient to say that all persons who commit suicide do so reluctantly. Many

there are who kill themselves joyfully, many others are mad and know not what they do, while others still are impelled to suicide by a strange irresistible impulse that leaves them no power of rebellion."

The speaker paused to light a cigar.

"Didn't the doctor tell you not to smoke?" asked Kane, apprehensively.

"I think he did," answered Masterson, smiling defiantly. "But the fact is, Jack, the doctor doesn't understand my case. Don't let him know that I ever said so—for I am really fond of him—but his diagnosis is wrong. However, that is neither here nor there. I'll recover just as quick as though he knew what the matter with me really is. But to return to this man who had reluctantly determined to commit suicide. Having awakened the reader's curiosity, it would be necessary to deepen his interest in Robert Sanders at once. This could be done in a very few sentences. For example, I might go on something like this: 'Sanders was young, wealthy, well educated, handsome in person and enthusiastic by temperament. The world had treated him well and he felt in his inmost soul that he had been guilty of ingratitude when he had made his decision to leave it. What worried him most was that he could not fully justify his coming self-destruction to his own conscience. He knew that the world would say that he, of all men, had no sufficient motive for suicide and at times he felt that the world would be right. Nevertheless, after weighing the question from all sides, he had come sadly and hesitatingly, but still irresistibly, to the conclusion that it was incumbent upon him to end his life!' Do I entertain you, Jack?"

"Yes," answered Kane, reluctantly. "But suppose you postpone the sequel to another time."

"That's the suggestion of a Philistine," remarked the author. "One of the first principles of life, and of art as an exponent of life, is that sequels can neither be hastened nor postponed. They come in life and in all true art at a place and time that was ordained when the laws that govern the universe first lashed their way out of chaos. You said that I entertained you. Well, let me go on. This suicidal hero of mine—what's his name?—Robert Sanders—was a thorough gentleman. Being such, he was never inclined to make what is vulgarly called 'a fuss'. There was something about suicide, *per se*, that made it in his mind 'bad form'. It was too *prononcé*, too hurried, too exclamatory, as it were, to conform to his ideas of what a gentleman should indulge in. Thus it was that, having determined to put an end to his life, he was desirous of preserving, as far as possible, such dignity and decorum as his ingenuity—which was marked—could protect. Do I bore you, Jack?"

"No," answered Kane, frankly, but with a note of apprehension in his voice. "But I must be going. It is growing late, and the doctor said that you should get to sleep early."

"The doctor was right. I will, my boy, I will. But don't leave me yet. I'll sleep much better if I get this story off my mind. Here, light another cigar. Where was I? Oh, yes, this man Sanders had always felt contempt for the suicide who makes a dramatic exit. Being gossiped about after death seemed to him to be almost worse than not being talked about while alive. To his mind, a suicide who cut his throat and left on his desk a hysterical note asking his friends to forgive him and his enemies to admire him was that worst of all things, a cad. If a gentleman, he argued, determines that he will be saved from a long life of boredom by taking the fatal plunge into the unknown, he should make his jump in such a way that no ripples are left to tell the story of his fate."

"Come, come, Ernest," implored Kane, rather alarmed at the persistence with which the sick man insisted on the grousing topic under discussion. "I can see that you have originated a very effective motif for one of your startling stories, but lay it aside for a time. You won't sleep at all to-night, if you keep on."

"Oh, yes, I will," returned the invalid, glancing at several small phials that stood on the table at his elbow. "There'll be no trouble about that. I'll enjoy a very deep and dreamless sleep. Leave that to me. Now, my hero, being a sensitive and thoughtful man, was anxious to leave the world in a manner becoming to his record as a considerate and courteous individual. The high ideals that had dominated his life he wished to surround his death. To this end, it was necessary that his suicide should never be discovered. But—and perhaps this was the flaw in his make-up—he possessed an ineradicable horror of dying in absolute solitude. Perhaps this was due to the fact that he was, in almost every essential particular, the product of the highest civilization. There seemed to him to be something barbaric, crude, retroactive in the idea of stealing away into a deserted corner and taking his life, as a thief would steal treasure, in the fear of discovery. While desirous of keeping his suicide a secret that it might not give a disagreeable shock to his friends, he was too honest and chivalric to play the sneak. There seemed to be only one alternative. He had a friend in whom he could place perfect confidence. If, he thought, he could influence this man's mind so that he could see the whole problem in the light that it appeared to his vision, the difficulty disappeared."

The speaker paused for a moment. His companion, with trembling hand, relighted the cigar that had gone out as he listened to the sick man's uncanny fancies. In spite of himself, John Kane was fascinated by the strange tale this friend was weaving. Something told him that his power was weak to check the author's feverish outbreak. Had he had more experience in the sickroom, he would not have sat calmly puffing his tobacco while the speaker continued.

"Thus it was that Sanders, having carefully prepared for the emergency he sought, sent for his closest friend, a man whose word was never questioned and whose loyalty was tried. It gave him confidence to look into the strong, firm face of the only man he really loved. He knew that he could trust him, that in his keeping his secret was safe from all men and for all time."

The sick man's voice faltered for a moment. Some deep emotion seemed to agitate his wasted frame. Kane sprang up and bent over him.

"Good-night, Jack," said Masterson, hoarsely. "Hand me that sleeping-potion there. That's it. Thanks. I'll take it now and lie down to rest. Yes

won't forget the story I have told you? Good-night, old man; how drowsy I feel! Good-night."

There was silence in the room. Kane had turned and walked toward the door. Suddenly an awful light broke upon his mind. He rushed back to the motionless figure of his friend. The face was set and a slight froth had formed around the lips.

"Good God," cried Kane, "he has killed himself!"

As the horrible suspicion became certainty Kane took the phial that stood on the table where the suicide had placed it.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" he moaned. "How blind I was! But no one," he cried, putting the phial in his pocket—"no one shall ever know!"

EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

UNMAILABLE LETTERS.

THE average correspondent who carelessly drops his letters into a box at the nearest street corner and thinks no more about them is scarcely able to appreciate the amount of care and expense involved in the safe transmission of the vast number of letters daily passing through the post-offices of the United States. It is not until failing to receive an expected reply, he is led to make inquiry of his postmaster concerning the fate of some particular letter that he begins to realize how efficient and far-reaching are the means employed for protecting his interests in this direction.

Many thousands of letters which for some cause fail to reach their addresses are yearly referred to the Dead Letter Office at Washington. A dead letter is one which has been properly addressed, stamped, sent to its destination, advertised and unclaimed for thirty days. At the end of that time it is opened and sent to the writer, if possible; but, if it does not contain the writer's address, is held some time longer and subsequently destroyed.

it had been written by a German who spelled phonetically—according to the sound—and easily read it Clinton, Summit County, State of Ohio.

Of letters like the above there are thousands, few of which the expert fails to decipher.

More interesting is that large class of letters which fail to reach their destination through the carelessness or absent-mindedness of their senders; many of them



MRS. PATTIE LYLE COLLINS.

was sent to St. Peter with equally happy results. Scores of such letters are received.

Another class of letters are those but partially addressed, and these require more study and thought on the part of the expert. An example of this class is an envelope of the House of Representatives addressed simply, "Mrs. B., care of F. H. B., 502 Lumber Exchange. No city or town even. The M. C. who was responsible for it had probably written thus far when he was called away by a constituent or interrupted by debate, and the letter was mailed with its defective address. When it came into Mrs. Collins's hands she reflected that there was but one "Lumber Exchange" the magnitude of whose operations entitled it to pre-eminence, and that was situated at Minneapolis, Minn. The letter was accordingly sent there, and was promptly delivered.

On another day a letter in a yellow envelope came to her directed "Mrs. Ellen Clark, Brunswick, (No State.) Care Ida M. Jones." There are many Brunswicks in the United States; which was meant? A peculiarity in the name "Ida M. Jones" attracted her attention; there was no prefix. At once the thought occurred to her that the "Ida M. Jones" was a vessel, and that the only seaport in the United States called Brunswick was in Georgia. The letter was accordingly sent to Brunswick, Ga., and delivered.

A letter addressed simply "Jouch's Hotel, N. Y." was sent to its owner at Long Branch, N. J., because the expert remembered that there was a hotel of that name in that city.

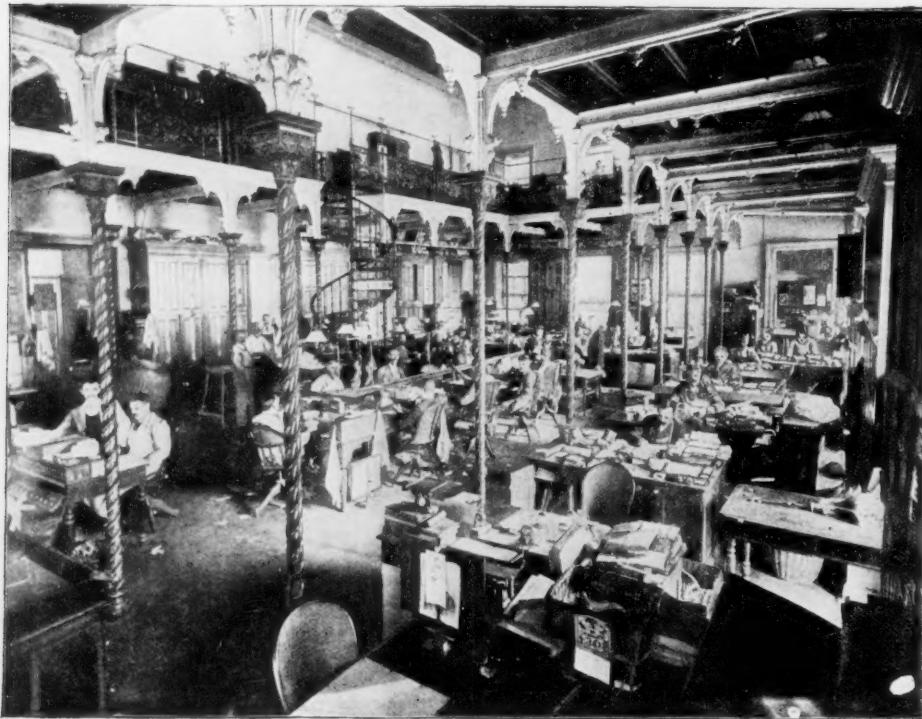
The office is very proud of a letter addressed to the well-known author Edgar Saltus. This was dropped into a New York street letter-box addressed simply "Edgar Saltus, Esq., Club." The experts of the New York office were unable to find Mr. Saltus, and it was sent to Mrs. Collins at Washington, who had a few days before read the author's address in a fashion magazine and was able to forward it to him.

As an example of the care taken to trace the owners of these derelicts none is more noteworthy than an envelope that to the naked eye seems perfectly blank. By using a glass, however, and holding it to the light at a certain angle, the expert made out what appeared to be this address: "Mr. W. B. Moore, Knob Lick, Ken." It was accordingly sent to the postmaster at that town with the following letter:

"Respectfully referred to the postmaster at Knob Lick, Ken., with the information that this letter was found in the road by a Post-office Inspector and sent to the Department for disposition. It is believed to be addressed to Mr. W. B. Moore at Knob Lick, Ky. He will make a special effort to deliver the same, and if successful, obtain the envelope, and return it to this office with this correspondence."

The postmaster at Knob Lick, eager to clear his office from blame, wrote the following letter, which may be commended to the young as a model of detail:

"Dear Sir—I think this is W. B. Morris' letter; he lives at Bowling Green, Warren County, Ky., he came up here the latter part of last winter and went to sulphur well an' for some days he had his letters direct here he staid at sulphur well for some time and went in partnership with Alex Beard to manufacture tobacco. This letter come here and he sent Jos. W. Beard for his Mail, a very reliable young man before he got there with this letter Morris heard from his family at Bowling Green and that they were sick when Beard got there Morris was gone and Beard kept it in his pocket expecting him back. Beard while this letter was in his pocket he went to —— after a load of goods and it became very warm he says that he pulled off his coat and threw his coat on his wagon and this letter with



INTERIOR OF GENERAL OFFICE WITH GALLERY.

When one considers the vast number of letter-writers in the world, and that many of them are too hurried and careless to write legibly, while others are illiterate and forced to write in a foreign tongue names of places with which they are totally unfamiliar, it is evident that a great number of letters must be defective in address, or undecipherable by the average postal clerk or postmaster. All such letters are sent forthwith to what is technically known as the Unmailable Division of the Post-office Department, Washington, and in due time find their way to the desk of Mrs. Pattie Lyle Collins, the clever little woman in charge of the Division, who by practice has become an expert in deciphering, correcting and translating addresses, and whose duty it is to provide owners for the letters submitted to her. Many of these "blind" letters are sent by foreigners to friends in this country, but still more are of domestic origin, while the larger number of misdirected letters are mailed by intelligent but preoccupied Americans. Examples of both were kindly shown me by Mrs. Collins during a pleasant interview I had with her some time ago.

Of the first class is a letter mailed at Weilersville, O., October 2, 1883, addressed to

Mr. Jacob Buyer,
Kinniv
Summit Conte
St. Ohie

The Buckeye postmaster seeing that it was in a foreign tongue thought it should go abroad and therefore sent it to London, England. The authorities there, thinking it might be Irish, forwarded it to Dublin, where it arrived October 15, as the postmarks show; but they were quite as much at a loss to decipher it there, and so forwarded it to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, where it should have been sent at first.

Mrs. Collins, who speaks many languages, saw that

are valuable as showing the vagaries and aberrations to which the human mind is subject. Most curious of this class are those which have their origin in a confusion of terms or ideas in the mind of the writer.

Take, for instance, this letter addressed to "R. J.—, Esq., Morning Star, Ohio," on an envelope of the House of Representatives. The Washington City Postal officials sent it to the Dead Letter Office with the indorsement, "No such office in State named." Mrs. Collins, however, had had previous experience with letters of this character, and turning to the Postal Register, found in Ohio an office of similar name and import—Morning Sun. Thither the letter was sent and delivered, the postmaster there having indorsed on the envelope, "Received and delivered all right."

Another instance is found in this envelope addressed "Mr. Joseph Grove, Lockhave, Iowa, Pocahontas County." This, mailed in Illinois, was sent to the expert indorsed "No such office in the State named." Looking at it attentively, she saw that by transposing the first and last syllables she had a famous name—Havelock; and on consulting the list of offices in Pocahontas County she found one named Havelock, where his letter found Mr. Grove. Another example of this strange transposition of syllables is found in a letter posted at Pauline, Kansas, addressed to a man in Brookover, Kansas. It was sent to Overbrook. A letter addressed Nowater, Kansas, was sent to Goodwater. Another directed to Airy View, Luzerne Co., Pa., was meant for Pleasant View. A sixth addressed Rising Sun, Colorado, found an owner in Sunshine, Kansas. A letter to Mr. Jeff Davis, White Knoll, Texas, was delivered to that gentleman at White Mound, Texas.

The towns that bear the names of saints and apostles are responsible for much of this confusion of ideas. For instance, a letter addressed "Rev. J. Beasley, St. Joseph, Arkansas," found an owner in St. James, Arkansas; another addressed to "J. W. Lawrie, St. Claire, Mont."



MISS CHILDS.
Chief assistant of Mrs. Collins.

other papers lost out of his pocket the same evening post office inspector came over behind him and found this letter with other papers belonging to said Beard."

The next day the letter was flying Southward again with this indorsement from the Assistant Postmaster-General:

"Respectfully referred to the postmaster at Bowling Green, Ky., who will deliver this letter to W. B. Morris, and if it belongs to him please obtain the envelope and return it to this office with these papers. If the letter does not belong to Mr. Morris return it with the papers."

At Bowling Green the letter found Mr. Morris.

SABINA MONCK.

A CIGARETTE SMOKER sends into the air about four million particles of dust at every puff, according to Dr. Aitken's investigations.



CONGRESSMAN J. G. CANNON, ILLINOIS.



CONGRESSMAN R. E. LESTER, GEORGIA.



CONGRESSMAN J. E. COBB, ALABAMA.



CONGRESSMAN J. M. ALLEN, MISSISSIPPI.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.—No. 30.

ALABAMA sends again to Congress her tried and trusty representative from the Fifth District, James E. Cobb, who has done good service for the people of his State in the Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses. Mr. Cobb was born in Georgia in 1835; was graduated from Emory College in that State in 1856; was admitted to the Bar, and removed to Texas in 1857; and served in the Confederate Army from 1861 until he was made prisoner at Gettysburg. From 1874 until 1886 he was one of the Circuit Judges of Alabama. He has always been a Democrat.

Rufus E. Lester is another re-elected Southerner who has done yeoman service. Born in Georgia in 1837, he

was graduated at Mercer University in the same State in 1857; was admitted to the Bar at Savannah in 1859; served in the Confederate Army throughout the war; was State Senator in 1870 and until 1879; President of the Senate during the last three years of his service; and was sent to the Fifty-first, Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses from the First District, which he once more represents, as a Democrat.

John M. Allen of Mississippi has been steadily in Congress since the Forty-ninth session, to which he was elected from the First District of his native State. Mr. Allen was born in Tishomingo County in 1847; was educated in the common schools and served in the Con-

federate Army throughout the war. He was graduated in law in 1870 at the University of Mississippi; in 1875 was elected District Attorney for the First Judicial District of the State; served four years, and was then elected to Congress as a Democrat. At the election for the Fifty-third Congress he received a large majority over the Populist candidate.

Joseph G. Cannon, the well-known Republican member from Illinois, has represented the Fifteenth District of his State ever since the Forty-third Congress. He is a lawyer, and was State's Attorney in Illinois from 1861 until 1869. Mr. Cannon was re-elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress by a large majority over his opponents.

"ST. IVES," Robert Louis Stevenson's last story, which was left at his death practically completed, is to be published soon as a serial. Stevenson had been at work upon this novel for more than a year, and the first half of it had been entirely rewritten several times. It is said to deal with the adventures of a Frenchman captured in the Peninsula War and shut up in Edinburgh Castle. A love affair between him and a Scottish maiden; a duel on the maiden's account between him and a fellow-prisoner; and his escape from the prison, are a few of the episodes that promise a romance of absorbing interest as any Stevenson has produced.

DRY Sundays are the rule in New York City nowadays. On a recent Sunday a "private bar" in a well-known downtown hostelry was closed for the first time in forty years. Commissioner Roosevelt says that the law will be steadily enforced.

AN alarm letter-box is a recent invention. When a packet is dropped in it sounds a bell in the house, to inform the listeners that the postman has brought a letter.

FOR the first time in the modern history of this city, laborers are now able to get work in any of the departments absolutely without regard to politics, and without its costing them a cent.

THE London critics are declaring that Eleonora Duse is superior to Sarah Bernhardt as an emotional actress.

THE Connecticut House of Representatives has passed a "good roads" bill, appropriating seventy-five thousand dollars for the improvement of highways.

THE pig-iron product of the United States was worth one million dollars more than the silver product last year.

EMPEROR WILHELM sent his personal thanks to the President by Admiral Kirkland for dispatching such a handsome fleet of warships to the Kiel dedication.

A "MATRIMONIAL fee war" in Kansas City has finally brought the price of "getting spliced" down to one dollar.

THE German Empress was obliged to retire from the fêtes at Kiel long before they were finished. The least excitement gives her a severe neuralgic attack.

THE American line new steamship "St. Louis" made her first voyage from Sandy Hook to the Needles in seven days, three hours and fifty-three minutes. She will make no attempt at speed until the third or fourth voyage.

"TOMMY," said the visitor, "have you read the books in your Sunday-school library?"

"Some of them," he replied, rather doubtfully.

"Can you tell me what happened to the boy who went fishing on Sunday?"

"Yes; he caught three bullheads and an eel."

"How do you know that?"

"Cos I was him."

AN EXPERIMENT.

"I GOT tired of riding home in crowded cars, so I bought a bicycle."

"So you are going to ride home on that hereafter?"

"Well, I don't know. I got it only yesterday, and last night I rode home in an ambulance."

A HORSE's age is told by its teeth. If men's and women's ages were disclosed in the same way, people might be more inclined to keep their mouths shut.

A SPANISH paper in the Pyrenees regularly suspends publication in hot weather.

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

PATTERNS FOR HOME DRESS-MAKING.

READY-MADE underwear is so remarkably cheap, as well as pretty, in the New York shops that the average city woman never thinks of having hers made to order. There are, however, advantages about the home-made article which are conspicuously absent in the other, the most important being its superior durability. Well-made undergarments of good material should and do last for years, whereas a year is the utmost span of wearableness covered by the moderate-priced shop-made body linen.

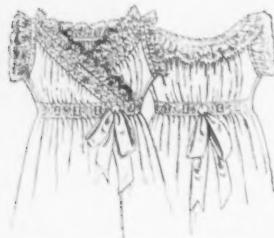
Two quite new and original patterns are here shown. The sleeveless night-gown, 6492, is, needless to say, designed exclusively for wear during the hot weather and will be found a grateful change from the ordinary kind by those who are obliged to spend the summer in the city where the nights are often as uncomfortably warm as the day. Fine linen lawn is here very handsomely trimmed with Platt Valenciennes lace, and insertion to match, deep frills of lawn edged



6492—LADIES' NIGHT GOWN

with lace forming short sleeves. A deep fall collar or fichu, edged with lace and trimmed with a single row of insertion, is gathered around the neck and falls in a graceful jabot in front to below the waistline. A belt holds the fullness at the waist, but it can be omitted if the gown is preferred loose. In the small drawing the gown is shown without the collar and having long Bishop sleeves, gathered at the top and into wristbands that are edged with a frill of embroidery, both sides being furnished by the pattern. A shallow yoke is formed by double rows of shirring in front and back, which are covered with insertion and sewed to a stay underneath. The long sleeves and broad collar can be used together, the frills being omitted. Gowns in this style are made of cambric, percale, India silk, lawn, dimity and fine muslin, and trimmed with lace or embroidery. Pattern 6492 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

After being pretty generally discarded for years, the chemise has been restored to favor, and returns looking more dainty and beautiful than ever before. Tasteful and refined women have a natural longing for fine and pretty underwear, and nothing can take the place of a handsomely trimmed chemise. French main-sous is the material chosen for the pretty designs in Empire style here shown, the trimming being of fine embroidery with insertion to match. The shaping is uniformly simple, the neck of one being cut in round outline, and the other being V-shaped in front, crossing in surplice fashion to the waistline. A double row of shirring at the waistline is covered with insertion, through which ribbon is



6480—LADIES' EMPIRE CHEMISE

run, and tied in a bow at the left side. These styles will be found comfortable and pleasing to wear, and can be made up as plain or as fanciful as desired. The shirring at the waistline can be omitted, if so preferred, the garment falling loosely from the neck. Cambric, lawn, dimity, linen lawn, fine muslin or China silk will make up daintily, trimmed with

embroidery or lace. Pattern 6480 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

A pattern which will readily commend itself to young married women is the graceful and becoming ladies' maternity gown, 6483, suitable as a home dinner, or reception gown for informal occasions. The material is silk striped chaline in



6483—MATERNITY GOWN

cream and tan, flecked with shadings of pale green, and the style is specially adapted to conceal any defect of the figure. A short body-lining, shaped by shoulder and under-arm seams, is the foundation to which the full yoke is shirred, the upper edge forming a frill around the neck. The full fronts and back are gathered and joined to the lower edge of the yoke in pretty outline, the seam being covered with a decoration of cream-colored lace over green satin ribbon. The artistically draped front is caught up in the centre with a bow of green satin ribbon of wider width. At "Empire" waist length a casing is applied with shirring tape inserted, which is used to adjust the width to the figure, passing under the drapery in the back and front. The full sleeves are gathered at the top and shirred near the lower edge which is extended to form a deep frill to the wrists, coat-shape linings holding the fullness in place and rendering the sleeves very comfortable. Gowns by this mode are dressy and stylish in appearance for general home wear, and can be made up as plain or as fanciful as desired. Lawn, dimity, cambric or muslin are pretty cotton fabrics to develop in this style, ribbon and lace decorations making such gowns exceedingly pretty. India silk and brocade, cashmere, Henrietta, soft crepon and other seasonal silk, woolen and mixed fabrics will also make handsome gowns. Pattern 6483 is cut in six sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Mothers who are taking their children to the country or the seaside would do



6483—CHILD'S HAT AND BONNET

well to provide them with pretty light washing hats or bonnets, such as those shown in the accompanying sketch, No. 6488. These styles are light and comfortable, and can be inexpensively made up at home by deft fingers with the aid of these patterns. No. 1 is made from fine white lawn and embroidery with insertion to match. The shaped crown is surrounded by a puff of the lawn, corded on its edges, and joined to plain portion of wide insertion gathered at the back to fit the head closely. A full frill that narrows at the sides is edged with embroidery and forms a pretty and quaint shade for the winsome little face. A curtain to match finishes the neck, the strings that are attached to each side being tied prettily under the chin. No. 2 shows a round hat of pale-blue chambray edged with embroidery. The dainty crown has a smooth round centre-piece of embroidery surrounded by a gathered portion that forms a puffing in Tam o'

Shanter style. The brim has a casing in which cord or covered wire is inserted to keep it in shape, the front being bent in any way desired. A pretty bow of the material is placed on the left front. Hats and bonnets in this style are useful as a protection from the sun, and can be plainly made up or decorated as daintily as desired. Lawn, mull, dimity, organza, China silk, batiste or pique, in white or delicate colors, can be employed in their construction, with lace or embroidery as preferred.

A very smart little suit for a young boy is shown in 6484. This stylish Eton suit is unequalled for ease and comfort, and is a pleasing variation from the sailor costume so generally seen. Blue and white serge is here tastefully combined, the white edged with several rows of black braid forming the trimming for the broad collar and vest. The suit consists of full-length trousers that are shaped in fashionable outline by outside and in-



6484—BOYS' ETON SUIT

side leg seams, and closed in front with a fly; a plain sleeveless vest that closes in the back and a natty jacket which takes its name "Eton" from the style worn by the lads of that college in England. Suits in this style can be made up fashionably from duck, drill, pique, cheviot, flannel or cloth, a combination of two corresponding materials being very stylish and jaunty. Thus blue linen duck can be used for the trousers and jacket, and the vest and collar can be of white duck or pique, or trimmed with the white as here shown.

The ladies' Empire house-gown, 6482, combines the charming quaintness embodied in the styles of the First Empire, with modern ideas of comfort and becomingness that are essential to the fashions of the present time. Striped dimity in lavender and white is here daintily trimmed with lace, and insertion to match, and decorated with lavender satin ribbon, which is used for the stock collar, and crosses the bust to meet in long ends in the centre front under a handsome rosette. The gown is made up over a glove-fitted lining which can be omitted, if so desired. The prettily shaped yoke is shallow in the centre, gradually deepening at each side; the full fronts and back are gathered and joined to the yoke to fall in graceful folds around the figure.

a handsome frill of lace with a heading of insertion outlining the yoke. The lower edge is plainly finished with a deep hem and the closing is made invisibly or with buttons and buttonholes in the centre front. Full Empire puffs stand out



6482—EMPIRE HOUSE GOWN

stylishly from comfortably shaped sleeve linings that can be continued to the wrists in coat outline, or cut off at the elbow and finished with frills of lace as shown. Gowns by this mode are much liked for home wear and can be made up quite plain, if wished, from any silk, wool, cotton or mixed fabric now seasonable. For summer wear, made of lawn without lining this is one of the coolest gowns imaginable. Pattern 6482 is made up in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

HOME-MADE MILLINERY.

SUMMER hats are just as gorgeous as they promised to be, but somehow they don't look half so "loud" as they did when we first saw them. The bright sun and light dresses are accountable for this. At present the milliners are busy with simple white hats. I mean perfectly white and not the natural straw color. These hats are to be worn by young girls and married ladies, with white dresses. As to the trimming, it is of course as simple as possible, preferably green and white, as green, being a natural color, will harmonize with anything. For instance, a white hat of the narrow back sailor style, will be faced with either shirred or plain white chiffon. Around the base of the crown will be a wreath of small maple leaves and at the



left side some white carnations. Could anything be more cool-looking, useful or pretty? There is no end to the variety of combinations. Mignonette on a white hat with a wreath of nasturtiums is much

PATTERN COUPON AND TEN CENTS FOR EACH PATTERN REQUIRED.

For ladies, give Bust Measure. For misses and children, give Age only. For skirts, give Waist Measure.

PATTERN NO.	BUST MEASURE.	WAIST MEASURE.	AGE 12 YEARS.
No. inches inches years
No. inches inches years
No. inches inches years
No. inches inches years

Name, Mrs. or Miss

Street and No.

Town

County

State

Address "FASHION EDITOR," ONCE A WEEK, 523 W. 13th St., N. Y. City.

N.B.—No attention will be paid to Coupons improperly filled in. Any subscriber failing to receive a pattern, or failing to pay in due time after sending a Coupon, may infer that the delay is due to some omission in the Coupon, and should send a new Coupon filled in according to the directions above, taking the precaution of writing the word "Corrected" on the upper left-hand corner. Letters referring to Coupons cannot be answered unless the necessary postage for a reply is enclosed.

7-11 '05

brighter, but none the less charming. If any ribbon is required, it should be white or leaf-green. The illustration shows a midsummer hat of yellow novelty straw, woven to look exactly like a basket. The trimming consists of broad loops of flowered taffeta ribbon, three loops being on either side of the crown. The roses are of several shades ranging from the dark Jacqueminot to light pink. To give a high effect a bunch of natural palm leaves is added. The hat may be turned up slightly at the back if desired, and a series of loops forming a long rosette should lie along the edge of the hat near the hair.

The second hat is a very necessary addition to the wardrobe if one is going to travel. It is suitable more particularly to young girls, but I have seen it worn by older women and with an exceedingly stylish effect. For a young girl it should be all of one color, such as golden brown or dark blue; when worn by the little girl's elder sister it should be of two colors, one particularly good combination being golden-yellow straw with black



velvet trimming. The bows require three-quarters of a yard of piece velvet, cut on the bias if possible; the "donkey-ear" ends are made double and the loops merely hemmed. With a hat of this description when traveling you can go anywhere and look dressed in perfectly good taste. In the train it is comfortable and not likely to get crushed, and should you get caught in a fog when on a steamboat there is nothing to spoil; also it is quiet and stylish enough to go down to dinner in at any hotel you may arrive at late. Unless one can go to a first-class hatter and pay the price asked for an exclusive shape, it is best not to invest in any of the cheaper grade sailor or Alpine straw hats. They always carry their price with them, and one is liable to hear such remarks as "She got that for a dollar forty-eight; I saw them in the window"; and similar unpleasant things.

The newest sailor hats of the stiff kind have very tall crowns encircled by a narrow band of black or white ribbon and a moderately wide brim; one that is too narrow is not very becoming except to a face which has extremely regular features.

MOUNTING CLIMBING

Has a wonderful fascination for many men. And the higher the mountain and the greater spice of danger about it, the more anxious is the ordinary man with any mountain climbing instincts whatever to be in the top of the mountain. There is an intoxication, a fever enthusiasm about it that pushes one on and on, and rests tired muscles and inspires flagging courage to everlasting keep at it until the top is reached and the cooling zephyrs that fan the brow of the mountain cool your own throbbing temples.

Americans have thought that it was necessary to go to Europe, to the Alps, to find any full grown mountains to scale. It's all moonshine. Isn't 14,000 feet high enough, with glaciers, those racking edges, those crevices and snow, and craters and fissures and precipices to climb over and round, the same as in the Alps? Yes, they are all right here—close at hand, and if you are interested to know where and how and when, just send your address and six cents in stamp to CHAS. S. FEE of the Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn., and he will send you a book that recounts a climb up one of the grandest peaks of earth, written by the gentleman who made the ascent.

The chapter on this mountain is profusely illustrated in full color, etched, taken by a photogravure man who accompanied the party for that purpose. If you are interested enough in your own country to desire to know about its wonderful scenic features, you want this book.

ures and particularly a small nose. The hair is worn in a coil at the back of the head with these hats and this makes it possible to use elastic to keep the hat on. Patent hat fasteners are good in their way, but they ruffle the hair when removing the hat.

CERISE.

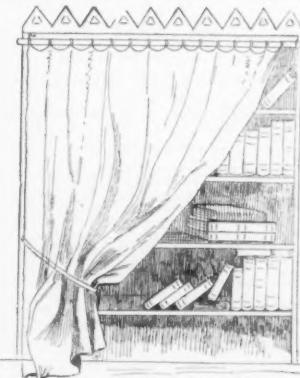
HINTS TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

AMONG the newest things seen at the seashore last summer were wading drawers for children, and most of the house-furnishing stores are now supplying them. They are so simple, however, that one can make them up at home. They are made to protect children's



dresses while playing in the water at the beaches. They are made very large and full to allow their skirts to go inside with ease. At the knees and waist they are securely fastened by strong elastic. Children fond of wading can be trusted to go outside of the shoal water when provided with these wading drawers. They will be more popular next summer than they are this, because better known, and because they fill a long-felt want.

Every child should have a library, distinct and separate from that of the parents'. Early in life the children should be taught to respect and care for books. The small, illustrated toy books should be kept separate from the other toys and placed on a little shelf. As the accumulation grows, make a small library for the little student, and add to it each year by birthday or Christmas presents. It does not take long to make the little ones understand that books are to be kept and read, and not to be thrown on the floor and read. By teaching them early to



build up a little library they will acquire a love for books that will grow upon them. Children not familiar with books from childhood seldom take to them when they grow older. Use the utmost care in selecting books that contain right moral teachings, so that the little budding minds will never absorb anything that is detrimental to their character. As children grow older teach them to use the faculty of discrimination and selection for themselves. Do not make them too dependent upon another's mind in their selection of reading matter. For a little child a small library case can be made out of a box obtained at the grocer's. Either cover the sides, inside and outside, with cheese-cloth, or paint it to suit the taste. Make little shelves inside, run a brass rod across the top, and fit a pretty little curtain in front of it. The case can stand on the floor, or on a table where the children can reach it. Make them put their books in it at all times, and they will learn to take care of them and keep them in order.

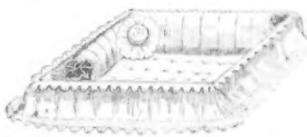
The accompanying illustration shows a dainty nursery basket covered with dotted Swiss over silesia. The ruffle is trimmed with lace edging. A pincushion is made in one corner, and pockets in two other corners. The basket is an ordinary willow-made one, and can be obtained at any basket store for a trifling sum. Various shapes and designs can be selected for the same use. Dainty colored ribbons on the pockets and cushion will add more beauty to the basket, and the trimming can be made very elaborate

with Valenciennes lace. A nursery basket is very essential for a mother, and all of the small articles of baby's toilet should have a place in it. Stands for the nursery baskets can be constructed out of small

the woman was only saved by her rare presence of mind."

Manager—"Well, well! How did it happen?"

Lecturer—"Oh, she put forth that claim about her age, and clung to it; and you know nobody could swallow that."



willow rods, or of light bamboo. But generally they are more convenient without a stand, as they can then be tucked away in a smaller place when not in use.

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.



BY "A BLUE APRON."

COLD SALMON, WITH GREEN BUTTER (for Suppers or Luncheons).—Take a nice piece of cold boiled salmon and remove the skin taking care to leave the fish very neat and of a nice shape. Cut a crouton of stale bread one inch and a half thick, a little larger than the piece of salmon, and fry it a golden brown; drain it, and let it become quite cold. Lay the salmon upon it on the dish, and garnish with mounds of lettuce alternately with tomatoes cut in quarters, and lightly tossed in oil and vinegar. Ornament the top of the salmon with stripes of green anchovy butter by means of a forcing bag and pipe. If this is not at your disposal, spread a layer of the green butter about a quarter of an inch thick over the top of the salmon, and arrange wedge-shaped pieces of tomato in patterns. The crouton of bread can be dispensed with, but it gives the dish a better effect, as it raises the salmon.

GREEN BUTTER.—Strip the leaves off a bunch of parsley and boil it until sufficiently soft to be rubbed through a fine sieve into a basin. Add equal quantities of washed and boned anchovies and fresh butter, and pound all together until smooth. If the color is not good add a little of Marshall's sap green.

Egg BUTTER.—Pound the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs with two ounces of butter and three washed and boned anchovies.

HAM BUTTER.—Two ounces of grated ham, two ounces of butter, the yolk of one hard-boiled egg. Pound together until smooth, and color with a very little carmine.

Pills—"Dr. Colomel made a bad break at the dinner-table of the medical society last night, I hear."

Chilis—"What did he do?"

Pills—"When called on for a toast he proposed 'The health of all who are sick.'"

Lecturer—"The boa constrictor just tried to swallow the snake-charmer, and

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SINGLETON—"Oh! excuse me, old man."

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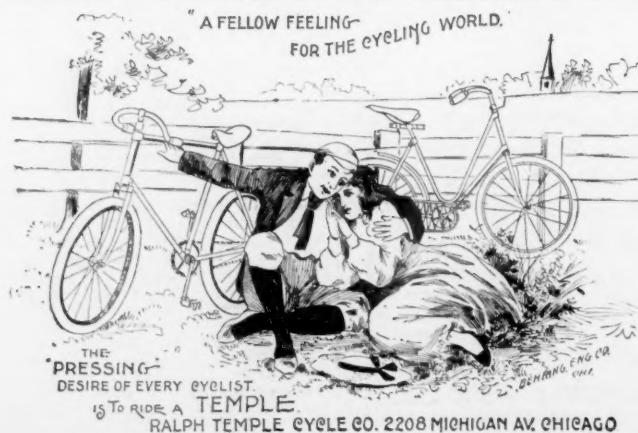
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